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POPULAR AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.*

POPULAR Education is the paramount theme of the day; and it behooves every man, who has the welfare of his country at heart, to bestow some thought on a subject which, in the language of this address, 'in the grandeur and sacredness of its object, the mightiness of its power, and the magnitude of its effects, is unrivalled and alone.' That our present methods of popular education may be improved, there can be no question. We are also warranted in believing, that if instructors of youth were better qualified than they commonly are, and more liberally remunerated, they would become more elevated in public opinion; and that the profession of *school-master*, instead of being esteemed ignoble, as it at present is, would be viewed as one of the most honorable vocations in the community. We are sensible that deep-rooted prejudices have, immemorially, existed against the teachers of primary schools. But have not these prejudices mainly arisen from the dependent state of the instructor, his mean origin, his want of capacity, or his deficiency of acquirements? When a person of worth and capability condescends to become a teacher, the dignity of his character secures that *respect*, even from the vulgar, which one of their own rank can never obtain.

'Popular education in the United States,' says the author of this pamphlet, 'on which the moral, intellectual, and political soundness of the country so essentially depends, is in a deplorable condition. Three or four states, perhaps, excepted, this is true of the Union. And even of the excepted states, it is true to an extent sufficiently ominous. The reason is plain. Except in the cities, and a few of the larger towns, the teachers of *primary schools* are as unfit for their vocation as imagination can conceive. Their want of knowledge and letters, manners, dignity, and character, can hardly be surpassed. They are therefore disqualified alike to instruct and govern, set example, and command respect. In truth, they are disqualified for every thing connected with education, because they are wholly uneducated themselves. Too indolent to labor with their hands, and too ignorant or feeble-minded to be concerned in business, where intellect and knowledge are requisite, they become *school-masters*, and teach their scholars bad English, bad habits, bad manners, and too often, bad morals. I do not aver that this is the case with all of them;

* THOUGHTS on Popular and Liberal Education; with some Defence of the English and Saxon Languages. An Address, delivered in September, 1836, before the Philomathean Society of Indiana College. By Professor CALDWELL, of the Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.

but I pronounce it true of a large majority of those of them whom I have personally known, or of whose character and standing I have been correctly informed.'

To remedy the above-mentioned evils, it has been proposed to establish seminaries, where teachers may be regularly formed for the special purpose of elementary instruction. That good would result from this plan, we are inclined to believe. The Jesuits have long been celebrated as instructors of youth; and it is well known, that the best qualified scholars of their order are those on whom the business of teaching is devolved. Professor Caldwell recommends this plan in the following words: 'Let schools for the education and practical discipline of teachers alone be established in the United States, as is now done in Prussia, Austria, and elsewhere, under the superintendence of qualified instructors. Let the pupils to them be selected, on account of the suitable qualities they possess; and let there be an understanding, that they design to follow teaching as a *life-profession*, not as a temporary or occasional employment.' * * 'A material advantage to popular education, arising from the establishment of schools for teachers, would be the introduction into schemes of teaching of the requisite degree of uniformity and concert.'

In a country where the right of suffrage is universal, every man should be enabled to exercise that right to the advancement of the ends of society; and what those ends are, none but an educated person can adequately comprehend. It should seem to be highly preposterous, that so important a privilege as the right of voting, should be extended to one who is not acquainted with even the *rudiments* of learning. And yet thousands of our citizens annually vote for candidates for public stations, without being enabled to *read* the names of those for whom they ballot.

Dr. Priestley makes the following remarks, in his Lectures on History and General Policy: 'It is an article of considerable importance, to determine who should have votes in the choice of representatives. Many are advocates for *universal suffrage*, while others would restrict this privilege to those who have some property. Every member of the community has, no doubt, an interest in the choice, and therefore may plead a right to vote. But this, as well as every thing else relating to society, should be decided by a regard to the interest of the whole, or that of the majority. Persons possessed of no property being commonly ill-educated, and ill-informed, will in general vote as they are directed by those on whom they depend; and will be liable to be influenced by such improper motives as no laws can prevent; and their real interest will be sufficiently provided for by equal laws. And when the possession of property has a privilege annexed to it, it will operate as a motive to industry and economy. For the same reason, it may be wise to receive no votes for any magistrate, but from persons who can write the names themselves. By this means, every person who had the least spark of ambition would make a point of acquiring the arts of reading and writing; and thus would be in the way of getting general knowledge, the diffusion of which is the best security for the permanence of any good form of government.'

If it appear preposterous to some, that an uneducated man should enjoy, in its full extent, the right of suffrage, what must we think of the dogma of *general political rights*, which admits of the elevation to office of an individual, without any regard to qualification? And yet this solecism in policy has been cherished by a people who lay claim to more than an ordinary share of common sense! A candidate for admission to the bar must be submitted to examination; if found unqualified, he is rejected, on the principle of incompetency, or, in other words, that he has no *right* to the practice of law, derived from education. So, no medical aspirant can obtain a diploma or certificate of competency, without subjecting himself to a methodical course of study, and finally obtaining the approbation of the heads of the profession. But of the politician, no qualification is to be required, no question is to be asked, save—does he belong to our party? He is regularly nominated by his equals; and the right of suffrage confirms to him the right of office. Surely the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, would scoff at lordly man, were they capable of comprehending the extent of his folly. The noblest bull is the protector and leader of the herd, who esteem it no degradation to obey so competent a ruler. Of the poultry-yard, the most gallant cock invariably claims *præeminence*, and maintains it, through those qualities which tend to the perfection of the species. Does a craven or imbecile savage ever become the *Sagamore* of his nation? No such thing. Every chief must be distinguished by excellencies of general utility; and those individuals who can lay no claim to these attributes, are compelled to occupy those stations only, for which they are fitted. But what a contemptible spectacle does *civilized* man exhibit! An animal of mean origin, of vulgar pursuits, of uncultivated intellect, is chosen to an important employment, which he is unable to sustain with either dignity or usefulness, or the duties of which he is totally incompetent to perform. This truth, how mortifying soever it may be to our national pride, we are compelled to confess; and we would add, it is an evidence that the true principles of government are as yet but imperfectly understood, or acted upon, in this boasted age of intellectual advancement.

On this head, we are pleased to find that we accord in sentiment with the author of the pamphlet in review, who thus boldly expresses what many will sanction, but what few will have the courage to utter: ‘The very fact, that state preferment is open to every one, excites hundreds of thousands to aspire to it, and to become agitators and annoyers of the community, who would otherwise pursue some humble but useful vocation, for which alone they are fitted by nature. Nor have they a *right* to aim at any thing higher. It is not true, that all men are born with equal rights, any more than that they are born with equal talents. As far as public station is concerned, rights and talents are the measures of each other. No man has a right to an office, which he wants talents to administer. Nor can the suffrages of the people confer on him such a right; because the proceeding is in violation of a law of nature, which is tantamount to the will of God. And the aspirants here referred to, being unable to succeed in their designs, from a want of strength of mind and character, united

to an entire destitution of personal worth, have recourse to cunning and artifice ; or, from a spirit of servility, added to other traits of meanness, become panders to the ambition of higher and stronger jugglers of state, and descend to the sycophancy and vileness of parasites and retainers. In this way is the whole community becoming imbued, to a fearful extent, with the rank leaven of political corruption. Nor is all yet told. Of this career of petty and misplaced aspiration to power, intemperance rarely fails to be the issue : for the tavern and the dram-shop are the places of resort of vulgar politicians ; where, after having forged their calumnies, and concerted their plots against the upright and deserving, they hold high carnival, and celebrate their orgies. Thus is useful industry abandoned by them, honesty and moral observances neglected or violated, and habits of dissipation and debauchery formed. And thus do sottishness and beggary prove the lot of some of them, guilt and the penitentiary of others, and ruin, in some shape, of nearly all.'

A remedy for these evils, under which our country groans, is supposed to be found in 'a system of popular education, wisely planned and digested, faithfully pursued, and diligently executed.' But without the aid of compulsory laws, we doubt whether any system of popular education, how wisely soever planned, would be greatly efficacious. Let us not be thought enemies of liberty, when we assert, that parents should be *compelled* to have their children educated, if this sacred duty be not voluntarily attended to. There are many erroneous ideas on the subject of right, which it behooves wise legislators to heed, before the evils resulting from them shall have become too formidable to be controlled by law. Parents think that they have a right to manage their offspring as they please ; and, if it be not convenient to educate them, that the neglect of their trust is not a proper subject of civil interference. Among the lower classes, especially, there is an unwillingness in sending their children to school, when it is conceived that their interest is promoted by retaining them at home. And even when instruction is offered at the public expense, many refuse to accept of the privilege, under the mistaken notion that there is an ignominy attached to education, which bears the impress of public charity. The result is, that the children of the poor, in our towns and cities, have become an intolerable nuisance. They swarm in the streets, committing all sorts of excesses ; and along the wharves of our sea-ports, their boldness in plundering has long been an evil of increasing magnitude. The impunity which generally attends these petty thefts, has the tendency to augment them ; as few people are willing to give themselves the trouble to resort to law, when the process demands time which can be ill spared from important occupations. In truth, if every larceny, committed by our vagabond youth, were prosecuted to conviction, no jail, how extensive soever its accommodations, would suffice to contain the criminals.

'If parents neglect to educate their children,' says our author, 'or if they set them a flagitious and ruinous example, those children should be taken from them, and be educated at their expense — provided they have the means : and if not, at the expense of the state.

The children of the poor should be treated in the same way. I am aware that evils might attend this proceeding. But, in a free representative government, no evil is so great as an uneducated populace. At every hazard, therefore, it should be put down — voluntarily on the part of the parents, if practicable — compulsively, if necessary. If a father can be compelled to provide for his children corporeal food, why not, in like manner, food for the mind? No scheme of personal freedom should be carried so far, as to put in jeopardy the freedom and safety of the state, which an ignorant populace unavoidably does.'

We shall not pursue the author of the address through his details of school discipline; but shall now proceed to take notice of the second division of his subject, liberal education.

Professor Caldwell has been represented as unfriendly to the study of the ancient languages. But he declares that this is a mistake. 'I am hostile,' says he, 'only to the *misapplication* and *abuse* of that study — to an excessive consumption of time in it, in some cases, and to the pursuit of it, in others, to the neglect of more useful and important studies. I am opposed, moreover, to the compulsory study of Greek and Latin, by *all* the pupils in a seminary, without discrimination; while it is obvious that, to *some* of them, the task is irksome and vexatious, even to distress; and that with all their industry and toil, their progress in it is slow, discreditable, and mortifying to them. The pupils thus foiled and perplexed, are palpably deficient, to use a phrenological term, in the 'organ of language,' and can never become ready and respectable linguists, by any kind or degree of discipline. As well may an attempt be made to form a musician out of a youth who has no ear (more properly no organ) for music; or to make an expert opera-dancer, or tumbler, of one who is deformed in his person and limbs, rickety in his bones, or feeble in his muscles.'

The correctness of the foregoing remarks is incontrovertible; then why is it that nature is not consulted in education? Can any mental discipline form a poet or an orator? Education can develop a genius which nature had implanted, but can never create one. Even the higher mathematics can be rendered useful to but few of those persons who are ordinarily indoctrinated in these recondite studies. The opinion that skill in mathematics is *essential* to the perfection of the reasoning faculties, may admit of a doubt, when we consider that some of our best reasoners in the pulpit, at the bar, and in our legislative bodies, never evinced any particular aptitude for this science; and farther, that it is no unusual circumstance to find expert practical logicians among those of the lower orders of society, who are unacquainted with mathematics, even by name. We are told, by Lord Orrery, that Swift 'held logic and metaphysics in the utmost contempt; and he scarce considered mathematics and natural philosophy, unless to turn them into ridicule.' If the Dean of St. Patrick's despised mathematics, it is not reasonable to suppose that he made any proficiency in these studies; and yet that his reasoning faculties were of a high order, we have only to look into his writings to be convinced. The poet Gray had no affection for mathematics, according to his own account, in one of those admirable letters,

which, in the opinion of Johnson, evinced a mind of a 'large grasp,' and a 'cultivated judgment.' Mathematical studies, then, although indispensable to some pursuits, ought to be confined to those individuals who have a *talent* for them, or take delight in them; and students of this class only, are fit for astronomers, architects, engineers, etc. To the majority of youth, a knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics is of little use, and is seldom put to account in the ordinary transactions of life. It is a fact, that the most extensive commercial dealings may be maintained, with the utmost exactness, by means of some of the first rules of vulgar arithmetic.

On this head, we are aware of the *dictum* of a great philosopher, Lord Bacon, who pronounces of the pure mathematics, that they 'do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties intellectual. For, if the wit be too dull, they sharpen it; if too wandering, they fix it; if too inherent in the sense, they abstract it.' With the most profound deference for the authority just quoted, we cannot comprehend by what means mathematics operate to the cure of *defects* in the intellectual faculties; or how they are enabled to give to dull wit that acumen which nature had denied it. He who is physically absent of mind, is irreclaimable by art. And he who is dull-witted, or, which is the same thing, deficient in understanding, is not a proper subject for mathematical reasoning; nor is it in the power of this science to metamorphose a stupid man into a philosopher.

'It is a dictate of common sense, as well as of experience,' says our author, 'that youths should be educated, not altogether according to the notions of their parents, guardians, and instructors, but according to their own talents, and somewhat in accordance with their tastes, and the pursuits to which, as adults, they purpose to devote themselves. Let those, therefore, whom nature has endowed with a peculiar fitness, and a predominate love, for the study of languages, indulge their inclination, and become polyglots, and even pedants, if they please; for the knowledge of the dead languages makes more pedants, than all other sorts of knowledge. But let youths, who are differently endowed, pursue a different course. Let their minds be mainly directed to those branches for which they are most peculiarly qualified. It is thus, and thus alone, that the educated portion of the community can attain to the highest eminence and usefulness for which their faculties have fitted them. A contrary course has often driven young men from colleges and universities, who, had they been indulged in their favorite studies, and liberated from those toward which they had a native and unconquerable aversion, might have become ornaments to science, and benefactors of their race. And I venture to say, that toiling and puzzling over Greek and Latin has disgusted and discouraged more young men, and frustrated their education and hopes of distinction, than any or all other forms of study. Indeed, I have rarely seen a youth driven from college by his dislike of any other particular exercise than the study of Greek and Latin—some abstruse branch of mathematics perhaps excepted. One reason of this is, that when a youth has no taste for the dead languages, he consults his judgment on the subject,

and that tells him that the study of them is useless. And as respects *himself*, it tells him truly; for to him, with his unfitness and aversion, it *is* useless, and can never be turned by him to any purpose either of profit or honor.'

It has been strenuously maintained by some writers, that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is *indispensable* in the study of the modern languages; and it is upon this principle that a boy is first put to the Latin Grammar, in order to qualify him for the comprehension of that of his vernacular tongue. This, in vulgar phrase, is 'putting the cart before the horse.' 'Universal grammar,' as Lowth justly observes, 'cannot be taught abstractedly: it must be done with reference to some language already known, in which the terms are to be explained, and the rules exemplified. The learner is supposed to be unacquainted with all but his native tongue; and in what other, consistently with reason and common sense, can you go about to explain it to him?' The converse, then, of the proposition is true: to the modern student a knowledge of his own grammar is the proper preliminary to an understanding of that of the ancient tongues; for, in the words of the author just cited, 'a competent grammatical knowledge of our own language is the true foundation upon which all literature, properly so called, ought to be raised.'

We are far from underrating the classical dialects of Greece and Rome — those languages which have been immortalized by a Homer and a Virgil, a Thucydides and a Cicero. He who can boast of their acquisition, may lay claim to intellectual treasures of no ordinary value. But that they are *indispensable* to the knowledge of our mother tongue, we are not disposed to admit. The English language has its own grammatical construction, and its own idiom; and these are to be illustrated, not by foreign grammars, and foreign idioms, but by those native writers, whose compositions are the only exemplars of grammatical arrangement, and the models of idiomatic peculiarities. In vain may we expect to obtain a knowledge of English, without studying its authors; and what the construction of the language of these authors has in common with the ancient tongues, is of small moment, compared with that which is its distinguishing characteristic. So much for grammar and idiom. With respect to words, a knowledge of their derivation is the business of the etymologist, and is useful to the lexicographer, but it is not essential to the ordinary student, who need look no farther than to their proper use, and accepted signification. We should never forget, that all languages were originally formed, not by the learned, but by the vulgar; and to the latter we are frequently compelled to resort for the explanation of vernacular words or phrases, which have been overlooked by the compilers of dictionaries. The celebrated French critic, Vaugelas, was in the habit of consulting his female acquaintance, on the import of terms which had obtained the sanction of polite usage, under the persuasion that people of good-breeding, but whose minds had received no bias from foreign discipline, were the most proper arbiters in matters of current locution. That we have adopted many words derived from the ancient tongues, is true; but are we to be told, that, unless we are acquainted with their etymology, we cannot

correctly ascertain their signification? The illiterate beggar, who implores our alms, requires something to *comfort* him in his distress; and he as perfectly understands the meaning of the verb *comfort*, as the scholar who has been taught that *comfort* is formed of the Latin words *con* or *cum* and *fortis*; and he pockets our charity, without caring whether this evangelical noun be derived from the Greek or Latin.

The erudite writers who lay so much stress upon the study of the dead languages, as instrumental to the acquisition of our own tongue, are silent on the subject of that dialect which is the basis of the English—the Saxon. The reason is, that the language of our primitive ancestors forms no part of the studies of those philomaths, who esteem every literary pursuit vulgar, which cannot claim affinity with classical antiquity. Now if any one language be necessary to the elucidation of another, it is the Saxon we ought principally to invoke, for from this source many of our most expressive and vigorous words have been derived. But in the study of English, we need no auxiliaries. A language so simple in its form and construction, so easily understood, so rich and expressive in its phraseology—adapted, as it unquestionably is, to the fervor of oratory, the dignified discussions of history, the elegance and rythmical flow of poetry, and, above all, to the precision of science—is worthy of being studied for its own intrinsic excellence; and could be thoroughly acquired, if all the remains of antiquity were swept from the earth.

Professor Caldwell maintains, that it is possible ‘a critical acquaintance with Greek and Latin may even mislead a scholar respecting the meaning of an English word; as the signification attached to many English words, by *custom*, which is the *law of speech*, is materially different from the signification of their Greek and Latin roots.’ Bishop Lowth declares, that ‘the greatest critic, and most able grammarian of the last age, when he came to apply his learning and his criticism to an *English* author, was frequently at a loss in matters of ordinary use, and common construction, in his own *vernacular idiom*.’

We are disposed to believe that a *special* application to foreign literature, whether ancient or modern, has a tendency, not only to vitiate our oral speech, but to corrupt our written language, by the introduction of a phraseology which neither good taste can approve, nor can it be justified by the practice of standard authors. One of the best examples of unadulterated English, of the age in which it was written, is the admirable letter of Anne Boleyn to her brutal husband, Henry VIII., in which letter the sorrows of the calumniated queen are depicted in a language which was the spontaneous offspring of the heart. Her daughter Elizabeth, whose masculine mind was imbued with *classical* lore, under the tuition of the pedantic Ascham, wrote in the scholastic dialect which characterizes the English of that courtly pedagogue. ‘The style of Sir Thomas Browne,’ says Johnson, ‘is a tissue of many languages; a mixture of heterogeneous words, brought together from distant regions, with terms originally appropriated to one art, and drawn by violence into the service of another. It is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please;

his tropes are harsh, and his combinations uncouth.' It was the vaunt of Browne, that, 'beside the dialects of different provinces, he understood *six* languages.' The English prose of Milton, with its lengthened periods, abounding in Latinisms and inversions, is read only by the curious, who are willing to dive into an ocean of words, in the hope of discovering pearls. Hume was reproached by Dr. Priestley, for departing from the *true* English idiom, and leaning to that of the French. And the same objection was made to the style of Gibbon, who also superadded the transposition, and rhetorical pomp, of the writers of antiquity. Both of these distinguished historians were conversant with the French language, which they wrote with ease and correctness; particularly the latter, whose first publication, the *Essay on the Study of Literature*, was in this elegant tongue.

A long residence abroad not only exercises an influence upon the modes of thinking of individuals — their tastes and judgments — but their native language is thereby apt to lose that raciness, which is its distinguishing feature. John B. Rousseau, and the Huguenot divine, Saurin, have been censured by critics for anomalies of expression, which have been stigmatized as the '*stile réfugiée*' — the refugee style — a departure from purity, which was the result of their intercourse with strangers in foreign lands. Gibbon confesses, in his *Memoirs*, that the perusal of the English writers, since the revolution, most seasonably contributed to restore the purity of his own language, 'which had been corrupted by the long use of a foreign idiom,' during his residence at Lausanne, in Switzerland.

'Our language,' says Johnson, 'for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original Teutonic character, and deviating toward a Gallic structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavor to recall it, by making our ancient volumes the ground-work of style, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.'

Here let it be observed, that the great lexicographer does not point out to the student of English, the Greek and Latin as models of imitation, but our vernacular writers; whose works he emphatically denominates 'the wells of English undefiled, the pure sources of genuine diction.' 'A mixture of two languages,' says he, in another place, 'will produce a third, distinct from both; and they will always be mixed, where the chief part of education and the most conspicuous accomplishment is skill in ancient or in foreign tongues. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms, and exotic expressions.'

It is worthy of note, that Addison was sneeringly pronounced 'no great scholar,' by some critics of the *old school*, because he addicted himself chiefly to the study of the writers of his native tongue, as the proper ground-work of English style. The happy effects of this discernment, however, may be seen in his inimitable essays, wherein the true English idiom is united with a gracefulness

of manner, and an elegance and purity of expression, which have rendered this author the best model of refined diction in the language.

Locke, an undoubted authority in matters of education, in reprehending the scholastic method of making themes, objects to the Latin for this purpose, inasmuch as an English student may 'never have an occasion once to make a speech in it as long as he lives, after he becomes to be a man. For,' he adds, 'it is a language wherein the manner of expressing one's self is so far different from ours, that to be perfect in that, would very little improve the purity and facility of his English style.'

'To write and speak correctly,' says the same author, 'gives a grace, and gains a favorable attention, to what one has to say; and, since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, *that* is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English, may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality.'

'Through what language,' says our author, 'must American genius shine in oratory, charm in poetry, and instruct in history, philosophy, and other forms of literary composition? Through Greek and Latin? No, certainly; but through our mother tongue, forgetful of its descent from any other language. For the time is certainly coming, when that descent *will* be forgotten, or disregarded. The remembrance will not hang a perpetual incubus on our speech, detracting from its independence, and preventing its maturity. For the English tongue never will, nor can, be completely mature, until rendered so by *independent* cultivation.' This is as true, as that we should never have emerged from immaturity, as a nation, had we continued in our colonial dependance on Great Britain. An independent condition is essential to the perfection of all that is human. To suppose that the English language, which, in less than a century, will be spoken by three hundred millions of souls — first in standing among the races of men — to suppose that it will still be considered the nursling of the languages of those specks of earth called Italy and Greece, whose pride, pomp, and power have long since passed away, is the consummation of romance — not to pronounce it the height of absurdity. Ages on ages after those languages shall have become — as become they must — the Sanscrit of letters, will the English tongue continue to improve in all the higher qualities of speech — and it will improve the more rapidly, from being cultivated alone, without any reference to the source from which it sprang.

In conclusion, we cannot forbear to say, that we have seldom perused a pamphlet, wherein matter to arouse reflection, and manner to invite it, are more skilfully blended, than in the discourse before us. The life of Professor Caldwell has been devoted to literature and science. He has long been favorably known by his various publications; and this last, on a subject of universal concern, is worthy of universal consideration.

STANZAS.

THERE is a feeling, whose wild thrill
 Awakes and slumbers once — once only;
 It bends our pride, it mocks our will,
 Makes deserts glad, or cities lonely;
 Like the Greek fire that still blazed high,
 Till all to which it clung was ashes,
 That passion cannot wane nor die,
 While life remains to feed its flashes.

Wo, want, yea even the crust of crime,
 The heart's dark soil may chill and harden,
 And leave it in its early prime,
 Unfertile as a blighted garden;
 But love — first love — in ruin nursed,
 Seedling of Heaven, of growth eternal,
 Will nestle in some spot uncursed,
 And keep that spot for ever vernal.

Even when the dark, oblivious tomb
 The lovely and the loved hath shrouded,
 The very tears that mourn her doom,
 But serve to keep love's light unclouded:
 For death's keen arrow cannot slay
 The memory of the loved he slaughters —
 From life's bright stream they pass away,
 But leave their shadow on its waters.

B.

A BELL'S BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TWICE-TOLD TALES,' 'THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,' ETC.

HEAREN to our neighbor with the iron tongue! While I sit musing over my sheet of foolscap, he emphatically tells the hour, in tones loud enough for all the town to hear, though doubtless intended only as a gentle hint to myself, that I may begin his biography before the evening shall be farther wasted. Unquestionably, a personage in such an elevated position, and making so great a noise in the world, has a fair claim to the services of a biographer. He is the representative and most illustrious member of that innumerable class, whose characteristic feature is the tongue, and whose sole business, to clamor for the public good. If any of his noisy brethren, in our tongue-governed democracy, be envious of the superiority which I have assigned him, they have my free consent to hang themselves as high as he. And for his history, let not the reader apprehend an empty repetition of ding-dong-bell. He has been the passive hero of wonderful vicissitudes, with which I have chanced to become acquainted, possibly from his own mouth; while the careless multitude supposed him to be talking merely of the time of day, or calling them to dinner or to church, or bidding drowsy people go bedward, or the dead to their graves. Many a revolution has it been his fate to go through, and invariably with a prodigious uproar. And whether or no he have told me his reminiscences, this at least is true, that the more I study his deep-toned language, the more sense, and sentiment, and soul, do I discover in it.

This bell — for we may as well drop our quaint personification — is of antique French manufacture, and the symbol of the cross betokens that it was meant to be suspended in the belfry of a Romish place of worship. The old people hereabout have a tradition, that a considerable part of the metal was supplied by a brass cannon, captured in one of the victories of Louis the Fourteenth over the Spaniards, and that a Bourbon princess threw her golden crucifix into the molten mass. It is said, likewise, that a bishop baptized and blessed the bell, and prayed that a heavenly influence might mingle with its tones. When all due ceremonies had been performed, the Grand Monarque bestowed the gift — than which none could resound his beneficence more loudly — on the Jesuits, who were then converting the American Indians to the spiritual dominion of the Pope. So the bell — our self-same bell, whose familiar voice we may hear at all hours, in the streets — this very bell sent forth its first-born accents from the tower of a log-built chapel, westward of Lake Champlain, and near the mighty stream of the Saint Lawrence. It was called Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. The peal went forth as if to redeem and consecrate the heathen wilderness. The wolf growled at the sound, as he prowled stealthily through the underbrush — the grim bear turned his back, and stalked sullenly away — the startled doe leaped up, and led her fawn into a deeper solitude. The red men wondered what awful voice was speaking amid the wind that roared through the tree-tops; and following reverentially its summons, the dark-robed fathers blessed them, as they drew near the cross-crowned chapel. In a little time, there was a crucifix on every dusky bosom. The Indians knelt beneath the lowly roof, worshipping in the same forms that were observed under the vast dome of Saint Peter's, when the Pope performed high mass in the presence of kneeling princes. All the religious festivals, that awoke the chiming bells of lofty cathedrals, called forth a peal from Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. Loudly rang the bell of the wilderness, while the streets of Paris echoed with rejoicings for the birthday of the Bourbon, or whenever France had triumphed on some European battle-field. And the solemn woods were saddened with a melancholy knell, as often as the thick-strewn leaves were swept away from the virgin soil, for the burial of an Indian chief.

Meantime, the bells of a hostile people and a hostile faith were ringing on Sabbaths and lecture-days, at Boston and other puritan towns. Their echoes died away hundreds of miles south-eastward of Our Lady's Chapel. But scouts had threaded the pathless desert that lay between, and, from behind the huge tree-trunks, perceived the Indians assembling at the summons of the bell. Some bore flaxen-haired scalps at their girdles, as if to lay those bloody trophies on Our Lady's altar. It was reported, and believed, all through New-England, that the Pope of Rome, and the King of France, had established this little chapel in the forest, for the purpose of stirring up the red men to a crusade against the English settlers. The latter took energetic measures to secure their religion and their lives. On the eve of an especial fast of the Romish church, while the bell tolled dismally, and the priests were chanting a doleful stave, a band of New-England rangers rushed from the surrounding woods. Fierce

shouts, and the report of musketry, pealed suddenly within the chapel. The ministering priests threw themselves before the altar, and were slain even on its steps. If, as antique traditions tell us, no grass will grow where the blood of martyrs has been shed, there should be a barren spot, to this very day, on the site of that desecrated altar.

While the blood was still plashing from step to step, the leader of the rangers seized a torch, and applied it to the drapery of the shrine. The flame and smoke arose, as from a burnt-sacrifice, at once illuminating and obscuring the whole interior of the chapel, now hiding the dead priests in a sable shroud, now revealing them and their slayers in one terrific glare. Some already wished that the altar-smoke could cover the deed from the sight of Heaven. But one of the rangers — a man of sanctified aspect, though his hands were bloody — approached the captain.

‘Sir,’ said he, ‘our village meeting-house lacks a bell, and hitherto we have been fain to summon the good people to worship, by beat of drum. Give me, I pray you, the bell of this popish chapel, for the sake of the godly Mr. Rogers, who doubtless hath remembered us in the prayers of the congregation, ever since we began our march. Who can tell what share of this night’s good success we owe to that holy man’s wrestling with the Lord?’

‘Nay, then,’ answered the captain, ‘if good Mr. Rogers hath holpen our enterprise, it is right that he should share the spoil. Take the bell and welcome, Deacon Lawson, if you will be at the trouble of carrying it home. Hitherto it hath spoken nothing but papistry, and that too in the French or Indian gibberish; but I warrant me, if Mr. Rogers consecrate it anew, it will talk like a good English and Protestant bell.’

So Deacon Lawson and half a score of his townsmen took down the bell, suspended it on a pole, and bore it away on their sturdy shoulders, meaning to carry it to the shore of Lake Champlain, and thence homeward by water. Far through the woods gleamed the flames of Our Lady’s Chapel, flinging fantastic shadows from the clustered foliage, and glancing on brooks that had never caught the sunlight. As the rangers traversed the midnight forest, staggering under their heavy burden, the tongue of the bell gave many a tremendous stroke — clang, clang, clang! — a most doleful sound, as if it were tolling for the slaughter of the priests and the ruin of the chapel. Little dreamed Deacon Lawson and his townsmen that it was their own funeral knell. A war-party of Indians had heard the report of musketry, and seen the blaze of the chapel, and now were on the track of the rangers, summoned to vengeance by the bell’s dismal murmurs. In the midst of a deep swamp, they made a sudden onset on the retreating foe. Good Deacon Lawson battled stoutly, but had his skull cloven by a tomahawk, and sank into the depths of the morass, with the ponderous bell above him. And, for many a year thereafter, our hero’s voice was heard no more on earth, neither at the hour of worship, nor at festivals nor funerals.

And is he still buried in that unknown grave? Scarcely so, dear reader. Hark! How plainly we hear him at this moment, the spokesman of Time, proclaiming that it is nine o’clock at night!

We may therefore safely conclude, that some happy chance has restored him to upper air.

But there lay the bell, for many silent years; and the wonder is, that he did not lie silent there a century, or perhaps a dozen centuries, till the world should have forgotten not only his voice, but the voices of the whole brotherhood of bells. How would the first accent of his iron tongue have startled his resurrectionists! But he was not fated to be a subject of discussion among the antiquaries of far posterity. Near the close of the Old French War, a party of New-England axe-men, who preceded the march of Colonel Bradstreet toward Lake Ontario, were building a bridge of logs through a swamp. Plunging down a stake, one of these pioneers felt it graze against some hard, smooth substance. He called his comrades, and by their united efforts, the top of the bell was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to it, and thence passed over the horizontal limb of a tree. Heave-oh! up they hoisted their prize, dripping with moisture, and festooned with verdant water-moss. As the base of the bell emerged from the swamp, the pioneers perceived that a skeleton was clinging with its bony fingers to the clapper, but immediately relaxing its nerveless grasp, sank back into the stagnant water. The bell then gave forth a sullen clang. No wonder that he was in haste to speak, after holding his tongue for such a length of time! The pioneers shoved the bell to-and-fro, thus ringing a loud and heavy peal, which echoed widely through the forest, and reached the ears of Colonel Bradstreet, and his three thousand men. The soldiers paused on their march; a feeling of religion, mingled with home-tenderness, overpowered their rude hearts; each seemed to hear the clangor of the old church-bell, which had been familiar to him from infancy, and had tolled at the funerals of all his forefathers. By what magic had that holy sound strayed over the wide-murmuring ocean, and become audible amid the clash of arms, the loud crashing of the artillery over the rough wilderness-path, and the melancholy roar of the wind among the boughs!

The New-Englanders hid their prize in a shadowy nook, betwixt a large gray stone and the earthy roots of an overthrown tree; and when the campaign was ended, they conveyed our friend to Boston, and put him up at auction on the side-walk of King-street. He was suspended, for the nonce, by a block and tackle, and being swung backward and forward, gave such loud and clear testimony to his own merits, that the auctioneer had no need to say a word. The highest bidder was a rich old representative from our town, who piously bestowed the bell on the meeting-house where he had been a worshipper for half a century. The good man had his reward. By a strange coincidence, the very first duty of the sexton, after the bell had been hoisted into the belfry, was to toll the funeral knell of the donor. Soon, however, those doleful echoes were drowned by a triumphant peal for the surrender of Quebec.

Ever since that period, our hero has occupied the same elevated station, and has put in his word on all matters of public importance, civil, military, or religious. On the day when Independence was first proclaimed in the street beneath, he uttered a peal which many

deemed ominous and fearful, rather than triumphant. But he has told the same story these sixty years, and none mistake his meaning now. When Washington, in the fullness of his glory, rode through our flower-strewn streets, this was the tongue that bade the Father of his Country welcome! Again the same voice was heard when La Fayette came to gather in his half-century's harvest of gratitude. Meantime, vast changes have been going on below. His voice, which once floated over a little provincial sea-port, is now reverberated between brick edifices, and strikes the ear amid the buzz and tumult of a city. On the Sabbaths of olden time, the summons of the bell was obeyed by a picturesque and varied throng; stately gentlemen in purple velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, white wigs, and gold-laced hats, stepping with grave courtesy beside ladies in flowered satin gowns, and hoop-petticoats of majestic circumference; while behind followed a liveried slave or bondsman, bearing the psalm-book and a stove for his mistress's feet. The commonalty, clad in homely garb, gave precedence to their betters at the door of the meeting-house, as if admitting that there were distinctions between them, even in the sight of God. Yet, as their coffins were borne one after another through the street, the bell has tolled a requiem for all alike. What mattered it, whether or no there were a silver scutcheon on the coffin-lid? 'Open thy bosom, Mother Earth!' Thus spake the bell. 'Another of thy children is coming to his long rest. Take him to thy bosom, and let him slumber in peace.' Thus spake the bell, and Mother Earth received her child. With the self-same tones will the present generation be ushered to the embraces of their mother; and Mother Earth will still receive her children. Is not thy tongue a-weary, mournful talker of two centuries? Oh, funeral bell! wilt thou never be shattered with thine own melancholy strokes? Yea; and a trumpet-call shall arouse the sleepers, whom thy heavy clang could awake no more!

Again—again, thy voice, reminding me that I am wasting the 'midnight oil.' In my lonely fantasy, I can scarce believe that other mortals have caught the sound, or that it vibrates elsewhere than in my secret soul. But to many hast thou spoken. Anxious men have heard thee on their sleepless pillows, and bethought themselves anew of to-morrow's care. In a brief interval of wakefulness, the sons of toil have heard thee, and say, 'Is so much of our quiet slumber spent?—is the morning so near at hand?' Crime has heard thee, and mutters, 'Now is the very hour!' Despair answers thee, 'Thus much of this weary life is gone!' The young mother, on her bed of pain and ecstasy, has counted thy echoing strokes, and dates from them her first-born's share of life and immortality. The bride-groom and the bride have listened, and feel that their night of rapture flits like a dream away. Thine accents have fallen faintly on the ear of the dying man, and warned him that, ere thou speakest again, his spirit shall have passed whither no voice of time can ever reach. Alas for the departing traveller, if thy voice—the voice of fleeting time—have taught him no lessons for Eternity!

THE DEPARTURE OF PAUL.

'For I am now ready to be offered; and the time of my departure is at hand.'

DAY dawned on old Miletus. Castle wall,
And minaret, and dome, seemed bathed in gold:
Through the carved arches of Apollo's shrine,
Within the pillared temple of the gods,
Obliquely streamed the tide of morning light.
Along the harbor's marge floated quaint barques
From Lesser Asia; where, in other days,
And darker, too, towered high, in warlike guise,
Rich Persia's fleets. From out the laurelled groves
Where rapt Timotheus struck his early lyre,
Issued sweet sounds that wiled gray Thalés oft,
And drew the eye of Anaximínés —
His fixed and stern-browed eye — from off the page
Of his philosophy. The traveller
Passed seldom through the streets: the caravans
Infrequent through the silent gates; and walked
But slowly to the vacant merchant stalls.
The Dydomæan god gave to the sun
His shadows; and the Sybil's Cave reared up
Its hideous mouth, and welcome made to day.
The brow of Cælius, in whose wrinkles hid
The Seven Sleepers, threw the shades of Night
From o'er its front, as woman throws her locks
Of raven back. The dews thrilled dyingly
Along the parks, that poured their fragrance out,
Like balmy streamlets — and unnumbered founts
Scattered their leaping waters like a shower
Of pearls. The hanging gardens drooped their leaves
Beside the turret: and the high tower gave
Its sentries rest. The misted fields, where sheep
Were crouching, and whose bleatings spoke the wealth
Of the Miletians, and the kingly walks
Where none but Caria's nobles trod, rolled up
Their dewy shroud, and gave it to be twined
Around the bosom of the morning sky.

'T was beautiful! 't was wondrous beautiful!
Yet there were scenes more beautiful than these —
On which were poured a purer light than Morn's —
Where sweeter music flowed — where bright flowers bloomed
More fair and fragrant — where the waters gushed
Fresher and pearlier: for our God was there!

Paul gathered with the elders. From the church-
At Ephesus, his parting summons called
A chosen band of mighty men — of men 'equipped
From God,' and mighty through His grace. They pressed
To bide his charge — in morning's hush to hear
The voice that worldlings deemed 'contemptible.'
Ages had fled — ages of thought for God —
Since first he trod their shores. A lowly man
In stature, with a meek and quiet step,
Yet with an eye that pierced the gazer through,
From the first day that Asia greeted him,
Down to the last, he had been ever — PAUL.

Morning, and noon, and night, 'mid tears and sweat,
And prayers, he still was PAUL. His tears were wiped
With stones; his drops of bloody sweat with chains;
His prayers responded to by stripes; his words
Of love, and faith, and truth, by prison cells;
Still was he as at first — great, brave, and holy PAUL.

The hour had come. From all he saw, he turned
 His eye, as Daniel erst his glance of hope,
 Toward far Jerusalem. With pilgrim haste,
 Shod for his journey, every hour's delay
 Whetted his longings for the Pentacost.
 He heard the trumpet-call; he saw the tents;
 The branches twined in bowers; and the dim cloud
 Of incense, like the floating light that beamed
 From the Shechinar, marked the great Hallel.
 And as he gathered strength for his last words,
 His soul came down from every flight, and lodged
 Upon them. Every one bore up his heart:
 He seemed to place it in their hands, that they
 Might read the secret throbbings of his soul.
 The veins were mountains he had crossed; each drop
 Of blood flowed as a sea, and told of storms
 That he had weathered; every tendril twined
 Itself to fetters; and the cavities
 Looked deep, like dungeons. Every throb proclaimed,
 With tongueless voice, and yet aloud and oft,
 His testimonies for the living God.

And now they rose to part. The soul of Paul
 Yet throbbed with high and fond imaginings;
 His bosom held all hearts in his; and they
 Gave up the current of their thoughts, to flow
 In channels hallowed by his eloquence.
 His life was scanned. His charge was said. And now
 Once more and last he turned his eye toward
 The city of his love. Giving himself
 To prayer, as birds stretch out their wings aloft,
 He took his brethren to the mercy seat,
 And left them there. Commending them and all
 To God, and weeping freely as he spake,
 He gently drew himself from their embrace,
 And onward went toward the Pentacost.

C. W. D.



A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS ON POETRY.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.

WHEN man was banished from the garden of Eden, he received the dread sentence that the ground should be cursed for his sake, and that in sorrow should he eat of it all the days of his life. We are all aware that this language, however true in its general application, is not to be understood in a literal and exclusive sense. Man was told that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles; but it also produces flowers to delight, and fruits to nourish him. The Infinite Being has said that the days of our life shall be marked with sorrow, and they are; but the afflictions to which we are subject are attended with blessed antidotes: moral sources of enjoyment are given us, as fruits and flowers for the soul, and the teachings of interest, as well as the impulses of gratitude, should lead us to consider with attention those gifts which enlarge the capacities of the spirit, and call forth the affections of the heart. And such a gift is *POETRY*.

If it be asked, 'What is poetry?' we must confess ourselves unable to afford a minute definition; for, like the unearthly visitants which the fears of superstition have occasionally summoned to the world, she fascinates the senses, but eludes the grasp of the beholder,

and stands before him, visible, powerful, yet impalpable. The various occupations and pursuits of life may be explained with clearness and accuracy, for they have been created and divided by man ; but poetry is *above*, and not *of* man, and he cannot, by any array of words, set forth its subtlety, its peculiarities, its perfection, its loveliness, and its universal power. Can the painter place the arched rainbow, or the glittering dew-drop on the canvass ? Can the sculptor invest his image with a soul ? Can the sympathies that mysteriously connect us, the unfledged thoughts that rush tumultuously through the brain, be subjected to the process of analysis, and the power of demonstration ?

It seems equally impossible to define poetry. We may pile word upon word, and sentence upon sentence, to attain the object, but the result of our labors, like that of the builders of the tower of Babel, will be discomfiture and confusion ; and poetry will still exist, defying the power of language, and soaring above the reach of description. It may naturally be inquired, then, ' Cannot poetry be defined ? ' Do we know of what we speak, when we allude to it ?

We do ; for many of its definitions, to a certain extent, are correct : they tell us what poetry is, in a peculiar aspect, but fail to give us sufficiently comprehensive views. We may safely assume the position, that poetry always addresses itself either to the imagination, or the feelings, or to both.

The word poet is derived from the Greek *ποιεω*, ' I create,' and its etymological signification is, therefore, *the Creator*.

Shakspeare has adopted this meaning in his ' Midsummer Night's Dream :'

' The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination *bodies forth*
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.'

But even the definition of Shakspeare falls far short of conveying to the mind a complete idea of the poet : indeed, the inventor of unnatural or supernatural characters, the poet of ghosts, witches, and fairies, is neither the most useful, nor the most fascinating of his class. The poet of *nature* stands præminent — not the one who ' bodies forth the forms of things unknown,' but he who takes known and familiar subjects, and presents them to the eye with such beauty, delicacy, and force, that we view them in a new light, and connect them with delightful associations. It is the province of Poetry, by some beautiful thought, some apt comparison, some fine illustration, some well-woven fiction, or eloquent exclamation, to fix on the memory the subject of which she speaks ; and if it be one connected with the cause of truth, if it be a correct sentiment, or a moral or religious precept, poetry makes it sink deeper into the heart, and take a stronger hold on the feelings. Thus we have often heard that it is right to love our enemies, but the bard adds, ' like a sandal tree that sheds perfume on the axe that fells it.'

It is not our intention to speak particularly of the conventional classifications and divisions of poetry, but merely to offer a few

general remarks on the subject, intended, in some slight degree, to set forth its value and its interest.

Its mechanical part is a useful subject for the poet himself, but it is only a medium, and not a necessary one, for the conveyance of ideas, since poetry may be expressed in what is called prose; and its peculiar eloquence need not of necessity be communicated to the world in accordance with the rules of versification.

'T is not the chime and flow of words that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'T is not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'T is a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers.'

But although poetry is not unavoidably dependent upon arbitrary rules, it is not to be denied, that it is *verse*, in its general acceptance; and it is perfectly natural that it should be: the laws which govern poetry are evidently useful in their operation; they tend to preserve a general harmony of expression, which is itself a part of poetry; for those passages in prose works which are classed with the productions of the muse, certainly possess this melodious flow; and to the position assumed with regard to the meaning of poetry, we may add, that it is connected with harmony of expression. Here, then, we see the utility of the restrictions by which the poet chooses to be bound, and perceive that the laws of poetry facilitate its composition, and maintain its distinctiveness.

If a writer's ear be so delicate and accurate, that he can pen his sentences with the same harmony which the rules of versification tend to produce, the absence of the arbitrary divisions and accentuations would not prevent his compositions from deserving the name of poetry. But this has been seldom attempted, as there are very few who do not find the laws of metre convenient. All those most distinguished as poets, have written in verse; and although poetry may occasionally appear, without its distinctive peculiarities, the utility of these mechanical arrangements will be seen at a glance.

There is a mysterious relationship between poetry and music; there is melody in the reading of poetry; and the feelings aroused by the breathings of music, are kindred to those which poetry excites; and when they unite their peculiar attractions, the combined spell opens a new source of enchantment, entralling alike the senses and the soul. But poetry may well hold a higher place in our estimation than music. Unlike the latter, it can distinctly relate the facts of history, and the fancies of fiction, and can summon to our view figures and scenes, with a truth and vividness defying the skill of the limner. The faculty of composing poetry is a gift peculiar to a few; but the power of appreciating it, is open to all. We can all love and admire it, because it addresses the common feelings of humanity; its spirit is universal; it can affect, arouse, inspire, delight, and improve us all.

However powerful the influence of education, it can never make

a poet: we may feel the want of one, and look anxiously for the appearance of some Homer, or Shakspeare, or Milton; but no means within the power of man can bring him forth, if the spirit is wanting: and perhaps, at the same time, independent of factitious aid, and ignorant of those who are willing to exert it, a poet may arise to 'wake and warm the world,' and exist in the sympathies and affections of its inhabitants, as long as that world shall last.

Poetry is emphatically a *gift*, but as we have already remarked, it is not for an initiated few only to receive the advantages to be derived from it. Like the source of light, it may be a wonder and a mystery, but it is made for all mankind, and sends its rays alike

'On palace couch and cottage bed.'

It may rouse the admiration and the sympathy of the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, and of all those who have the common feelings, passions, and desires of humanity.

It is chiefly to this universal power of poetry, that we shall call the reader's attention in this essay — a power that

'Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

We know there are many who, influenced by some prejudice, or ignorant of their own capabilities of enjoyment, will think, and perhaps say, that poetry has no charms for them; and who, guided by the operation of an ill-formed opinion, studiously close their eyes to its fascinating and permanent attractions. We ask but of such, that before they finally abjure poetry, they place themselves in a situation to feel its influence: they would not fail soon to acknowledge that they had despised only because they had neglected it; they would exclaim, with a voice of exultation: 'We have discovered an ever-living fountain of crystal waters, where angels might wash, and be purer.'

Whatever may be our situation in life, we may all be benefitted by encouraging an attachment to poetry. It opens to us new sources of pleasure and enjoyment, not such as can only be purchased by immense wealth, and severe application, but such as are available to the humblest and the poorest: it

'Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

In truth,

'The world is full of poetry; the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty.'

There is an objection to poetry, very generally prevalent, which debars many from a participation in its pure and elevated enjoyments. 'Poetry,' it is often said, 'is not *practical*.'

And here let us observe, that this word practical, is too often used in a limited sense, and represents only that which, at very first view, is palpably and incontrovertibly useful. Indeed, to go farther, it is sometimes an '*ignus fatuus*,' and means merely an array of figures,

or a collection of facts, without any very minute reference to the demonstrative character of the figures, or the conclusive tendency of the facts. A practical man, of this latter class, to use BULWER'S language, 'hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love for facts. If you could speak to him out of the multiplication-table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus: 'When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' he would think you a shallow fellow, a mere theorist; but if you were to say to him: 'One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823, wheat was forty-nine shillings, hop grounds let from ten to twelve shillings per acre, and you must therefore confess that, 'when abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied;' the practical man would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbor, 'That's the man for my money: you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech.' Alas! for such practical men! They confine themselves within a narrow circle, and look upon all beyond as idleness and folly. They do not pause to view the ultimate results of things; they do not see the softening, the refining, the exalting effects of poetry; they do not perceive its influence on national character, and its connection with morals and religion; they only look to the facts, that it does not tell them how to keep accounts — to buy, to sell, to manufacture, nor to speculate — that it is not always profitable, as a trade, and that it does not add to one's reputation on 'Change; and thus they come to the conclusion that it is undeserving of encouragement. Such men are willing to drag all who are above them down to their own level; to make the whole world one great arena of selfishness; to root with barbarous hand from our pathway every fruit and flower, and leave nothing but 'thorns and thistles' behind. There is too much intellect in the world, for the general success of such narrow views of utility; and the human mind is not always nor every where to be bound by fetters that disgrace and pollute it.

Neele, in the commencement of his Lectures on English Poetry, says: 'In introducing poetry to your notice, I am constrained to confess, that it is a mere superfluity and ornament.' With all deference, we must question the truth of the poet's remark: indeed, in the course of a few succeeding lines, he himself contradicts his previous 'confession,' and observes that, 'there is a *mental* appetite, which is as necessary to satisfy, as the *corporeal* one.' There are maladies of the mind which are even more destructive than those of the body; and which, as the sound of the sweet harp of David drove the demon out of Saul, have been known to yield to the soothing influence of poetry. Nations the most illustrious in arts and arms, have also been the most celebrated for their cultivation of letters; and when the monuments of those arts, and the achievements of those arms, have passed away from the face of the earth, they have transmitted their fame to the remotest ages, through the medium of literature alone.

The canvass fritters into shreds, and the column moulders into ruin; the voice of music is mute, and the beautiful expression of sculpture is a blank and a gloomy void; the right hand of the mechanist forgets its cunning, and the arm of the warrior becomes powerless in the grave; *but the lyre of the poet still vibrates.* Ages

listen to his song and honor it; and while the pencil of Appelles, and the chisel of Phidias, and the sword of Cæsar, and the engine of Archimedes, live only in the breath of tradition, or on the page of history, or in some perishable and imperfect fragment, the pen of Homer, of Virgil, or of Shakspeare, is an instrument of power as mighty and magical, as when first the gifted finger of the poet grasped it. Is poetry then — the sweet comforter of the mind diseased — the electric chain wherewith ages past, present, and future are bound — the mighty and magical power swaying the hearts and moulding the actions of men — a ‘mere superfluity and ornament?’ No, no: it is not: and the young poet who made the assertion, undervalued the gift of which he was a possessor; and we conceive that no full and correct exposition can be made of the benefits of poetry, without treating it as *practical*, in its final tendencies.

England is the only powerful nation with whom we have ever been at war. A little more than half a century since, we were placed in that peculiar relation toward her, which is calculated of all others to beget feelings of deadly hostility; and the people of both countries naturally fostered sentiments of aversion to each other, and magnified all attributed political vices, and national defects. Not a quarter of a century has passed away, since a war of several years’ duration was waged with Great Britain, when old feelings of hatred were revived, and from the smouldering ashes of past dissensions, a new flame was kindled, that made the hearts of the American people burn with indignation, and caused them to speak with additional severity of the nation which had so recently given them fresh grounds for enmity. Other causes of dispute and discussion have arisen between the two countries; but notwithstanding all these reasons for mutual ill-feeling, we may safely say, that in the affairs of no nation do the people of the United States take a deeper or a kindlier interest, than in those of Great Britain, and that toward no people do they entertain more friendly and respectful sentiments. The impression made on the American people by the English poets, will never be effaced! It preserved its influence in the stormiest days of the revolution; it had a ‘still small voice,’ even amid the din of battle; it now aids in preserving those amicable relations between the two countries, which are a present source of satisfaction to both; and if not weakened by some new and unexpected subject of angry controversy, will continue to brighten and strengthen the bands of an honorable friendship.

Above all poets who have contributed to make this impression, Shakspeare stands preëminent. His works are known and admired by all classes, in both countries, and his potent influence has moulded their feelings, and swayed their minds. The words of Sprague, in his fine ode to the deathless bard of Avon, are those ‘of truth and soberness:’

‘Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire’s galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious monarch of the mind,
Around their sons a gentle chain shall bind,
Once more in thee shall Albion’s sceptre wave,
And what her mighty Lion lost, her mightier Swan shall save.’

After a long and fearful lethargy, the spirit of liberty in Greece

exhibited signs of reanimation, and the glad tidings sent a thrill of joy to every lover of free institutions. We knew that the Greeks had degenerated; we were acquainted with their faults and their vices; but Greece was the land of Homer; the tones of his lyre still breathed in our ears; he had written as with a diamond the glory and the greatness of Greece upon our hearts; he had shown to us her trials and her fortitude; he had exhibited her heroes and her statesmen; he had sung of her battles and her victories; we sympathized with her in her misfortunes — we rejoiced in her prosperity; and when degenerate and disgraced, but not despairing, Greece lifted up her hands for succor — when the voice of her lamentation came mournfully over the Atlantic waves — we could not find it in our hearts to resist its power, and were led to relieve the unfortunate, not only by that present misery which we saw, but also by that past greatness which her poets had revealed to us.

The enthusiasm which was excited some years since, in behalf of unfortunate and oppressed Poland, was none the less ardent for the sympathy excited by CAMPBELL. He had written of the wrongs of that injured nation, of the bravery of her people, and of the devoted courage of her favorite warrior; he had summoned before our mind's eye that last scene in which the soldier acted, when

'Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.'

We saw the energies of Poland prostrated by the ruthless vengeance of the Autocrat; we saw

'On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-died waters murmuring far below;
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.'

Poland became still more endeared to us by the eloquence of the poet; and when she again determined to resist the rod of the oppressor, our hearts and our prayers were with her, and we proved our good wishes in a more substantial manner than by mere expressions of sympathy.

Few attachments are so strong that they cannot be increased; and poetry seems to make more powerful the beatings of a patriotic heart, and the aspirations of a patriotic mind. How spirit-stirring are the fine lines of Drake to our national banner! They seem to make us regard with still more fervent affection what we thought we had already loved to the utmost. Who, on reading that beautiful production, but has responded with a quickening pulse, and a prouder feeling, to the closing exclamation:

'Forever wave that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!'

This allusion to our national song, reminds us, that there is a wide field in which the American poet may employ himself, much to the increase of his own fame, and the good of his country. *We want more national songs.* Casual observers cannot appreciate their import-

ance. They give a tone to the feelings of a nation; they unite the hearts of a people; and by creating a harmonious pulsation of patriotic fervor, they oppose a barrier to the inroads of discord and disunion. We should have songs to cheer the heart of the mariner on the bosom of the perilous ocean; songs for the farmer and the mechanic; songs for the country and the town; all, as far as practicable, containing some appropriate sentiment—all directing our attachments to our common country—all strictly and truly *American*: and we should have *one* proud song, suited to all—one national anthem, that, like the *Marseilles Hymn*, of France, or the *Ranz de Vaches*, of Switzerland, should be dear to the bosom of every age, sex, and condition—that should be lisped by infancy, sung by budding youth, and vigorous manhood, and repeated in the tremulous accents of old age; a song that, like the war-torch of Scotland, which is carried with enthusiasm from clan to clan, should be handed down from generation to generation—the ‘song of songs’ of the American people.* But aside from patriotic songs, there are many which confirm our love for domestic life, and virtuous conduct. A moral aphorism, which, when prosaically stated, might be considered merely as a dull saw, may, when skilfully woven in a popular song, prove a powerful auxiliary to the cause of truth.

Poetry can adapt herself to all ages. She can weave a simple ballad for childhood, or a fervent song for the youth ripening into manhood: she has her pictures of fireside happiness, and domestic comfort, for the parent, and her voice has a tone for the ear of the aged. She can adapt herself to all conditions; she has her simple and affecting narratives, for the poor and the humble; she has a trumpet-voice for the soldier, and the statesman, and a most refined speech for the scholar. She will be our companion at all times, and in all seasons; she will give an additional zest to prosperity; and when the season of adversity shall arrive, she will comfort the wounded spirit, and bind up the broken heart.

Miriam and Moses, the first authors, were poets; and their song of thanksgiving, on passing the Red Sea, has been styled ‘at once the most ancient monument, and a master-piece of poetic composition;’ and before the invention of letters, the religion, the laws, and the history of the different nations were handed down to posterity through the medium of poetry. Sculpture and painting are the fruits of long experience and unwearied care; and they have been gradually improved from the rudest imitations of nature to their present state; but poetry dates her mortal existence with the birth of mankind; and although the poet may employ his gift for unworthy purposes, it is still an emanation from the Deity:

‘As sunshine broken by the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.’

And the most groundless and anomalous objections urged against poetry, are those which proceed from religious men. One great objection, on the part of such men, is the perversion of poetry to

* We are heartily with our correspondent in this matter. ‘Yankee Doodle,’ as a national air, has neither dignity nor melody to recommend it. EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

improper uses. As well might they tell the patriot not to draw the sword in behalf of his country, because it is the weapon of the oppressor; as well might they cast away the Book of Life, because its meaning is distorted by fools and fanatics. Poetry is most grand, when connected with religious subjects; and in her purest and most sublime personification, she does not, like Ajax, defy the lightning and the God who made it, but like the ethereal beings around the throne of heaven, she veils her burning eyes with her resplendent wings, when in the solemn presence of the Almighty. He who has no love for poetry, may lay to heart the precepts of the Bible; but there is a light upon the pages of that book which he sees not; there is a harmony in its language which he hears not; for there is a vein of poetry, pure, simple, and sublime, running through the whole sacred volume.

No Christian will pretend to doubt, that the language of the Bible is the very language best calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended; neither will any Christian deny, that it is intended for the perusal of man, in all ages, countries, and conditions; and if the language of this book is poetry, it naturally follows that the most useful instructions and sublime truths should really exert the greatest influence on mankind, when communicated to the world through this fascinating medium. We meet with poetry on the very threshold of the Bible. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' How simple and how significant! — how appropriate, yet how poetical! How well is the language adapted to describe the operations of a supreme being! No perplexing reflections, no obstacles: 'He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.' He said, 'Let there be light, *and there was light!*'

We not only find poetry, in the abstract, in the Scriptures, but it has been maintained that a portion of the contents of that volume are written in accordance with certain rules of composition, approximating in some degree to those which govern poetry, in its most exclusive sense. 'Parallelism,' says Lowth, 'is a certain equality, resemblance, or relationship, between the members of each period; so that in one or more lines or members of the same period, things shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other, by a kind of rule or measure.'

The following are examples of parallel couplets, which have been quoted from the Old and New Testaments:

'Seek ye Jehovah while he may be found,
Call upon him while he is near.'

'Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea;
His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.'

'My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

'The memory of the just is blessed,
But the name of the wicked shall rot.'

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,
But deceitful are the kisses of an enemy.'

'If ye keep my commandments,
Ye shall abide in my love ;
Even as I have kept my father's commandments,
And abide in his love.'

'I planted,
Apollos watered,
But God made to grow :
So that neither he who planteth, is any thing,
Nor he that watereth,
But God, who maketh to grow.'

Are tenderness, or sublimity, or simplicity of expression, elements of poetry ? They are all in the Bible. Does poetry imply the invention of fictions ? Look at the parables. Must it embrace comparisons and figures ? Behold them in the Book of books. Take any of its attempted definitions, and they will all correspond with portions of the sacred volume.

In the New-Testament, we not only find poetry in its instructions, its descriptions, its parables, and its prophecies, but there is a majesty, a beauty, and an intellectuality in the action, embodying some of the finest elements of poetry. In the old dispensation, we read more of the frailties and the vices of men, but in the gospel we become acquainted with the perfect character and sublime conduct of Christ. A mediator is sent to reform, to save, the world. Had he appeared in all the paraphernalia of earthly pomp and regal splendor — had he descended as a conqueror, with his marshalled host, and glittering array — the passing vanities of earth might have seemed invested with a more sacred character.

But he came not thus. He was born in a manger, and died on the cross. He took advantage of no elevated situation in life ; but poor, persecuted, and oppressed, he exhibited in stronger relief the grandeur of the soul, and the uses of adversity. Apart even from his divine character, the history of his life makes a deep impression upon the poetic mind ; an impression so deep, that it wrung from the infidel Rousseau, the celebrated expression, when, alluding to the moral sublimity attending the last hours of Christ, he exclaims : 'SOCRATES died like a philosopher, but JESUS CHRIST like a GOD !' Take from us the belief in a future existence, and Poetry is shorn of her beams ; but let her discuss those subjects connected with our immortal destiny, and she assumes an appearance of inexpressible glory ; she strips us for a time of our earthly garments, that we may follow her to the pure river of life, and like the repentant tear which the Peri conveyed to the angel, removes the crystal bar which binds the gates of paradise.

Poetry is the appropriate handmaid of Religion ; and says Wolfe : 'The homage of Voltaire to the muse's piety remains a bright memorial of her allegiance to Christianity.' When the powers of hell seemed for a time to prevail, and his principles had given a shock to the faith of Europe, the daring blasphemer ventured to approach the dramatic muse ; but no inspiration would she vouchsafe to dignify the sentiments of impiety and atheism. He found that no impassioned emotion could be roused — no tragic interest excited — no generous and lofty feeling called into action, where those dark and chilling feelings pervade. He complied with the only terms upon

which the muse would impart her favors ; and the tragedies of Voltaire displayed the loveliness of Christianity, below indeed what a Christian would feel, but almost beyond what unbelieving Genius could conceive. Such was the victory of Poetry, when she arrested the Apostate, while marching onward to the desolation of mankind ; when the champion of modern philosophy fell down before the altar she had raised, and breathed forth the incense of an infidel's adoration ! When he came, like the disobedient prophet, that he might curse the people of God, and behold, ' he blessed them altogether.'

We are well assured that poetry, although sometimes seen in connection with error, even as the sons of God held companionship with the daughters of men, is one of the choicest blessings bequeathed to this imperfect world. She is not the offspring of human invention ; for unlike those arts and sciences which were given to man in an elementary state, she sprang, Minerva-like, into existence, perfect in her proportions, mature in her strength, and gorgeous in her panoply. The Christian can trace her divine origin with the utmost certainty, and behold with an unclouded vision, that she is born of God, and baptized with inspiration. She invests all things with an extrinsic glory ; she diffuses a new light upon the face of nature ; she weans us from the rule of our passions, and the dominion of our lusts, and reveals the golden ladder that leads from earth to heaven.

L A M E N T .

I.

How bright the sun's declining rays
Glitter on yonder gilded spire !
How sweet the evening zephyr plays
Through those old trees, that seem on fire !
Beneath those trees how oft I've strayed
With MARY, rapture in my eyes !
But now, alas ! beneath their shade
All that remains of MARY lies !

II.

Oh ! can I ere the scene forget ?
'T was such an evening — this the place,
That first the lovely girl I met,
And gazed upon her angel face.
The west, at day's departure blushed,
And brightened to a crimson hue ;
Her cheek with kindred tints was flushed,
And ah ! her sun was sinking too !

III.

She died ! — and at that very hour
Hope broke her wand and pleasure fled.
Life is a charm hath lost its power —
The enchantress of my days is dead !
That sun, those scenes where oft I've strayed
Transported, I no longer prize ;
For now, alas ! beneath their shade
All that remains of MARY lies !

J. C.

THE LADY AND THE PAINTER:

A FRAGMENT FROM THE 'FIDGET PAPERS,' BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DANCING GIRL.'

THE house of Mrs. Rivers, a beautiful widow, stood in a fashionable *quartier* of the fair city of Boston, and now, when it was rumored that her recent illness had yielded to seclusion, and the most charming of physicians, her door was besieged with acquaintances, eager to offer their hollow congratulations, and their baseless compliments.

The first was a pale poet, in a seedy coat; one of that *pseudo* class, who bring the 'divine art' into discredit. He rang the bell with a tremulous air, for such thread-bare followers of the muses are ever afraid of your spruce lacquey in livery. Mr. Epic was called a follower of the muses, probably because he never overtook them. He was the author of the 'Genius of Washington,' a poem in eighty-four cantos, which might be said to possess the gift of immortality, since it would take a man an age to read it. If poetry be indeed a drug, this was an opiate, for its effects were most somniferous, and so pervading, that even an article in the *Aboriginal Review*, composed chiefly of extracts from the poem, put the five old ladies, who supported that quarterly, into a deep sleep, from which they never awoke.

'Is Mrs. Rivers at home?' asked the poet.

'She is. Wipe your shoes. Walk up. You know the way:' replied the aristocratic servant.

Silently and stealthily the poor poet ascended the lordly stair-case, and was soon in the presence of his patroness.

Again the bell rang, and again the pampered lacquey, having finished a flirtation with the chambermaid, answered the door, and admitted and showed up Walter Mortham.

Miss Sallow, an old maid, and her aunt, Mrs. Caution, the former in a saffron gown and black bonnet, for she was a *bas bleu*, and the latter in pink silk, for she had been a beauty, next presented themselves for admission.

Another pull at the bell. Capt. Percy, an English traveller, is the present summoner. A long pause ensues, during which the captain is concocting a paragraph about American servants, and by the time he has weighed and rejected several phrases, the door opens, and he is rejoiced with the information that Mrs. Rivers receives visitors. John has now lost his temper at the number of calls upon his time, and coolly says: 'Captain, you're such an old acquaintance, you may as well come in without ringing.'

And now, reader, perhaps you have been left too long waiting in the vestibule, and so, performing the part of gentleman-usher, I will present you in due form. Suppose the Rubicon to be passed, and yourself to be seated — at your ease, of course — in the presence of one of the loveliest women that your eyes ever rested on.

Seated on an ottoman, in a half recumbent posture, which her convalescent state rendered at once graceful and appropriate, Mrs. Adelaide Rivers received her friends with the air of an unbending goddess, or an affable sultana. Hers was a form, ripe, full, and rounded, charming alike by its contours and its attitudes; large, but not over-

sized ; in short, such a form as we fancifully attribute to an empress. The perfect regularity of her features atoned for their want of any marked expression ; and then her eye ! — soft, large, and lustrous, it beamed upon you as if its pretty owner really had a soul. Her hair was of course dark — but for her dress, (dark also, by the way,) I must refer you to her milliner. In the language of her friends, Mrs. Rivers was a ‘very sweet woman :’ those who read her verses, thought she was a dull one, but they were no test, for Mr. Epic was engaged to furnish them at a penny a line. If the lady had been content with the homage bestowed upon her charms, she would have enjoyed a due celebrity, or if her success had been proportionate to her efforts, it would have been universal. Her voice was formed to give utterance to the thoughts of poets, in the strains of music, not to dwell upon their merits or their faults in the language of the critics. When she spoke the soft nothings of fashionable conversation, you admired, but when she attempted to win applause by eloquence, you pitied her ; not that she did not sometimes surprise you with a bright idea, but because her conversation was unequal, and it was thus she merited the title of the ‘mock Corinne.’

To some of her visitors the reader has been introduced : there were others at the levee of Mrs. Rivers, of more or less importance ; but as they took little part in conversation, we shall pass them over in the silence they maintained.

‘This is a very extraordinary book,’ said Mrs. Rivers, in allusion to the recently published journal of an actress, ‘and full of talent ; but there are many reasons to prevent its popularity. I *could* say such things of her, if she were not your countrywoman, Captain Percy.’

‘Oh, ‘Gad ! madam,’ answered the gallant captain, ‘pray do n’t spare her on that account. For my part, I think that very circumstance will give a relish to your satire. One does n’t care what happens to a stranger, but the misfortune of a next-door neighbor amuses one excessively. ‘The nearer the bone the sweeter the scandal.’”

‘Your position is hardly tenable, Sir,’ said the poet in the seedy coat ; ‘and I think if you read my ‘Genius of Washington,’ which contains some hints about patriotism, you will be convinced.’

‘Very probably, but not *till* then,’ replied the gallant captain. A word about Captain Percy. He was handsome, and an Englishman, and that was enough to secure admission into the first society in Boston. Moreover, he was furnished with undoubted credentials, and was allied to one of the most ancient families in Great Britain. No wonder then that aristocratic old gentlemen invited him to dine, that fashionable young men imitated his dress, and that sentimental young ladies fell in love with his black whiskers and his blacker eyes. No wonder that his very oaths became popular, and that even the orthodox professed to be hard of hearing when he swore so elegantly. ‘What a waltzer !’ cried girls with pretty feet ; ‘what a love !’ cried girls with pretty fortunes. ‘A Percy !’ sighed the novel-readers. ‘Born in Alnwick Castle !’ said the admirers of Hal-leck — (and who does not admire him ?)

‘To return to ‘wicked Fanny,’” said a lady ; ‘she will be very

unpopular. All the young gentlemen who formerly admired her, will be her enemies, because she did not marry them — and all the young ladies will abuse her, because she won the hearts of all the young gentlemen.'

'The young gentlemen were infidels,' said the slayer of men, 'if they forsook the true divinity,' bowing very low to Mrs. Rivers. Mrs. Rivers was enchanted. How strange that vanity should give currency to the false coin of flattery!

'You have given one reason for the fair F — 's unpopularity,' said Walter Mortham, turning to the lady who last spoke — 'but there is yet another — she has written a good book.'

'A good book!' exclaimed several voices.

'With a leaven of untruth, I grant — but still a good book,' said Walter.

'Nothing is good which is untrue,' said the poet, with a sententious air.

'A very talented book then,' resumed young Mortham. 'A mediocre affair is much more likely to make its author, than a very brilliant one. We may patronize mediocrity, but we cannot pardon talent. Very good books are read, but not bought; like gold, they are too precious to circulate. Yet it is from these very good books, so secretly referred to, and little talked about, that the current wit of the day is purloined; and as we hate the sight of one we've borrowed money of, so we abuse an author, to conceal our obligation to him.'

'You are fond of paradoxes,' said Mrs. Rivers. '*Mais apropos des bottes*, have you read the new poems by an old publisher? They are the most charming things, and bound so prettily, that the very outside enchants you.'

'I dislike the poems,' said the poor poet.

'Why?' inquired Captain Percy.

'Because the author is rich,' replied the bard; 'and for another reason — because he put his name to a book of which I was the author.'

'Egad!' cried Percy, 'you were much indebted to him. He might have ruined you.'

'How?' inquired Mr. Epic.

'By saying that you wrote it.'

'The age of poetry has passed away,' said Miss Sallow, sentimentally.

'Say rather this is the old age of poetry,' observed Mrs. Caution.

'The golden age of poets has been gone for centuries,' said Mr. Epic.

'You say truly,' said Mr. Mortham. 'Poems were the luxuries of a knightly age. The minstrels then were loved and cherished as they should be, for the noblest and the bravest vied in their endeavors to do them honor. Their songs of war cheered the rude soldiers on the march, and nerved their arms for battle — nor did the minstrels shrink from plunging into the conflict, to dignify even valor by their countenance.'

'How the times are altered!' said the man of war. 'For now instead of fighting with their enemies, they only squabble with each other.'

‘Then when the battle was fought and won,’ continued Mortham, ‘with what pride were they received in the festal halls! — with what exultation did they strike their harps in honor of the noble lords who led them on to victory!’

‘Now-a-days,’ said Percy, ‘they only sing of themselves.’

‘And then their reward,’ continued the orator; ‘the smiles of lovely ladies — and sometimes the honor of knighthood conferred for minstrelsy and prowess.’

‘The reverse is now the case,’ said Percy, ‘for instead of poets becoming knights, knights become poets.’

It is not my intention to detail the conversation of the guests of Mrs. Rivers. It is sufficient to remark that they did not separate until she had proposed a visit to the studio of a young painter on the following day.

RAPHAEL RANDOLPH was one of those unfortunate young men of genius, whose lot it is to struggle with the most distressing embarrassments, before their talent is acknowledged — an artist who for many years found it difficult to obtain even the materials wherewith to work. From his very boyhood, a love for the fine arts had been his passion and his bane — at once his solace and his torment. He had wasted away the golden hours of his youth in dreams of the bright ideal — wasted, did I say? Pah! I am speaking in the common-place language of this working-day world. His visionary fervor bore him onward through struggles that would have crushed a riper mind and a more robust body. What reality was to others, imagination was to him. Its purple light hovered over his head, and shed a gleam upon his way. Yet there were times when the rays of hope faded entirely away, and left him with all his genius darkling like Milton deprived of sight. These were moments, when the idea flashed upon him — scorching his heart and brain, and almost crazing him — that he had mistaken his abilities — that his pencil was destitute of skill, and his mind of genius, and that, despised by his contemporaries, he should go down to the cold grave, forgotten. It is this fear, common to all men of true genius, which carries the bitterness of death with it, and which not even popular applause can banish.

The painter strode to and fro in his confined study. It was crowded with pictures, *because* they were worthy of a purchaser. Here was the Venus Anadyomene, lovely as a poet’s dream; there the bride of Neptune floating in her sea-shell. In another corner, frowned the gloomy countenance of a knight of the middle ages, clad in iron mail, with eyes following the movement of the artist who had called him to life, like the demon of Frankenstein, asking for a soul. Noble and lady, warrior and priest, looked side by side from their mysterious canvass. You might lose yourself in the contemplation of battles, if you were of a military turn — of storms and shipwrecks, if you loved the sea — of Arcadian loveliness, if you were enamored of the land. Over these the painter passed a hurried glance of *pride*; but he paused before one picture, and viewed it with the rapt gaze of *love*. It represented a fair being, young, but yet a woman, soft and ethereal as the snowy cloud that floats over the blue

sky of noon. The rose tint melted on her pearly cheek, and her bright flowing locks cast a golden gloom upon her radiant brow. And from the mellow shade of those 'amber-dropping' tresses, her lustrous eyes beamed forth with the very soul of tenderness. Her parted lips seemed ready to give utterance to the vows of love. It was such a picture, in short, as even genius is capable of producing, only in moments of undoubted inspiration.

'Beautiful painting!' cried the artist, with pride; 'thou art inferior only to thy bright original. Alas! that she should have crossed my path in a distant land, and then only for an instant! — but that instant was enough to stamp her radiant image on my heart and brain forever, to wear out only with my life. Oh! sunny Italy! when shall I revisit thy pleasant shore? When shall I again bask beneath the cloudless sky of Florence the Fair? Yet it is not for love of thy master-pieces of art, of thy Eden of a climate, that I would tread thy shores again: no — though I hardly dare own it to myself — it is in the hope of meeting that angelic and unknown girl, and linking her destiny with mine.'

Here he was interrupted in his wild soliloquy, by the entrance of visitors — Mrs. Rivers and the gallant Percy — Walter Mortham and his sister. The first object which met the eyes of Walter, was the beautiful portrait which the artist justly regarded as his master-piece. He uttered an exclamation of delight, and asked the painter if it were a fancy-piece. Randolph blushed deeply, but answered in the affirmative.

'I thought it was a Venus,' said Mrs. Rivers.

'And I that it was your portrait, madam,' said the gallant captain, 'and was about to remark, that although the likeness was apparent, it was not very flattering.'

Mrs. Rivers smiled, sighed, and cast down her eyes. Venturing again to raise them, she encountered the glance of Miss Sallow, looking down upon her from a splendid frame, with a 'green and yellow melancholy.'

'So!' said Mrs. Rivers, pointing to the portrait, 'I see, Mr. Randolph, you have the ancient custom of serving up a death's head to your friends.'

'Does that picture belong to Miss Sallow!'

'No, madam,' replied the artist. 'She refused to pay me for it.'

'Why, pray?' asked the lady.

'Because it was a likeness, madam.'

'A pretty person to patronize the fine arts!' exclaimed Percy.

'Nay, now,' said Mrs. Rivers, 'you must n't say that, for any one who looks in her face, can see that she *paints herself*.'

'*Paints herself*! — very good!' cried the captain. 'Well, you must allow that she has some accomplishments — she plays on the piano.'

'That's only to display her hands,' said Mrs. Rivers. 'She thinks their whiteness will compensate for her gamboge complexion.'

'She's like a gold watch — yellow face, and slender hands,' said Walter.

'Like a *repeater*,' suggested Mrs. Rivers, 'for she never keeps a secret.'

'Or like a repeater,' said Walter, 'because she's silent in company, or only sounds once an hour, to remind you of the time of day.'

'Or like an almanac,' continued he, 'for you can get nothing out of her but the state of the weather.'

'Come, come, Walter,' said Emily Mortham, 'spare her, do. If you abuse her so much, I shall think you're in love with her. It is lucky for us that Mr. Epic isn't here, for he is an admirer of hers.'

'He's the only person that admires her,' said Walter, 'and she is even with him, for she is the only person who admires him.'

'Come, come,' cried Mrs. Rivers, 'you mustn't abuse my author.'

'Author!' exclaimed Percy; 'he's the author of nothing but facts; his wit is all borrowed.'

While this conversation was going on, the poor artist stood apart, with folded arms, mortified to find that his pictures were of secondary consideration to the fashionable talkers. Perhaps Emily Mortham, with a woman's penetration, read something of his feelings, for she pointed out some of Randolph's favorites to Captain Percy, and they examined them together. Mrs. Rivers, who pretended to a taste for the fine arts, and had taken lessons in painting for a quarter, afforded Randolph the benefit of her criticism. She praised this picture, and censured that, and was very learned on drawing and fore-shortening. At length, leaning on the arm of Walter, she paused before the lovely head which the artist almost worshipped as Pygmalion did his statue.

'A fancy sketch, I think you said,' observed the lady, quietly, raising her glass and scanning the work.

The artist bowed.

'Well, well, I should have judged so, for the tints are out of nature; beside, who ever saw a woman with hair of that color and dark eyes united? But, notwithstanding, it is tolerable; there are *some* touches which are really not bad. You want study and care, my young friend. I think I perceive evidences of haste in your composition. But don't be discouraged — I dare say you'll mend,' she added with an affable smile. Then she continued, addressing herself partly to Walter, 'I must not forget that my errand here was to encourage, not to criticize. Pray, Sir, have you any scraps?'

'What, madam?' asked the artist, with a bewildered stare.

Unwilling that his precipitation should ruin his chance of a market, Walter kindly explained, that Mrs. Rivers wished to know if he had any vignette water-color sketches, suitable for ornamenting albums, etc. 'Think, my friend,' said he; 'have you no loose sketches in your port-folio?'

Randolph eagerly snatched a port-folio, and threw it open on the table. It was full of the most exquisite little designs — bridges, water-falls, cattle, brigands' heads, fragments of Gothic churches, beautiful *morceaux*, which an artist lives to garner up. Mrs. Rivers examined them with the eye of a purchaser and a connoisseur, frequently appealing to the tortured artist to confirm the justice of her criticisms. The dialogue ran something in the following manner.

'Ha! this landscape is well done — very well. But don't you think it wants a wash of bistre in the fore-ground, and a deepening of neutral tint upon the hills?'

'There is no doubting your judgment,' said the artist.

'I think,' continued the lady, 'that your perspective is faulty. Care, my young friend, in these little details, and upon a small scale, is all-important. Depend upon it, you'll never rise without it. Mr. Tinto would never have retired on a fortune, if he had neglected them.'

'Who, madam, was Mr. Tinto, if I may be so bold as to ask?'

'Oh! the gentleman who took likenesses by the *camera lucida*. Well,' she said, at length, after having selected two or three sheets of sketches, 'what are these worth to you?'

'They are trifles, madam, hardly worth your acceptance.'

'No, no — you must n't talk in that way, young man. Professional men should never throw away their labor. Take this purse. I wish it contained more, for your sake: and,' she added, with sentiment, perceiving that the artist was about to empty it, 'keep the purse, to remind that you have *one* friend, at least, who sympathizes with your struggles.'

The poor painter bowed in speechless gratitude. As soon as he was alone, he emptied the purse. It contained *four-and-sixpence*! So much for the patroness of the fine arts!

THE HOPE OF RETURN.

I.

THE hope of return — oh how grateful the theme —
How thrilling the vision, how blissful the dream!
Though the moments may linger, though distant the day,
Still sighing and sadness are quenched in its ray;
'Tis the exile's reliance when sorrow invades,
When light after light from life's firmament fades,
When dreams more delusive have flitted away,
And the visions that gladden'd, no longer are gay.

II.

Oh! the hope of return, to the mother whose smile
Could dissipate sadness, and sorrow beguile,
To the father whose glance I've exultingly met —
And no need half so proud hath awaited me yet —
To the sister whose tenderness steadfast though calm,
Not distance could lessen, nor danger disarm,
To the friends whose remembrance time cannot chill,
And whose home in the heart not the stranger can fill.

III.

Oh the hope of return! — 't is inwrought with the breath,
And strengthens the love that is stronger than death;
When the doubt and the danger have ceased to perplex,
And the toil and the tumult to harass and vex —
When the glitter no longer eludeth the grasp,
And the gold we have toiled for securely we clasp,
Oh then be the hope which hath guided us on,
Like a harbinger holy, embodied and won!

WILSON CONWORTH.

CHAPTER VI.

'Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good masters.'

OTHELLO.

It is always pleasant to look forward to exertion; to satisfy the upbraidings of conscience by resolutions of amendment, to begin at some time to come. I returned to college with a determination to study; for in setting out in any project, I always pleased myself with the idea that I intended to do right. The present I enjoyed to please my impulse. To-morrow was always a day of reformation with me.

A young man grows faster, morally, during his first college vacation, than ever afterward. His rank as a collegian — no slight honor, when comparatively few think themselves able to send their children to college — his initiation into fashionable life — the first sip of the delicious cup of pleasure — the passing from boy to man — all tend to push him forward in his opinions of himself. He returns to college with large accessions of pride and vanity, great regard for dress, some notions of love and matrimony, and has probably settled upon his profession.

The attention bestowed upon the collegian which was denied the school-boy; the deference he observes to his opinion, particularly in his own family, and among his maiden aunts; the favoring smiles of the young ladies, and the good-natured welcome of the old ones, who hope he may, at some time not far distant, be a fit subject for their matrimonial operations, have raised him already so far, that if you endeavor to recall his attention to his school days, he seems to have forgotten the meaning of the words. Observe his supercilious smile, as that heir-expectant of the freshman-class passes him in the street. Do but look at his studious avoidance of his school-boy acquaintances. Mark his astonishment as some ingenuous, thoughtless, happy youngster, too much occupied with his sports to regard his dignity, invites him to a game of ball on the common. What! a member of college be seen upon the common, playing ball with *boys*! Extraordinary indeed! It is an insult, and he goes and tells his mother how his feelings have been injured.

I returned to college with some taste for dress, a decided desire to be distinguished for something — I did not much care what — and a considerable sum of money in my pocket.

In the interim we had all learnt politeness; we who had, at first, met with the diffidence of boys, now exchanged cordial and well-bred greetings; companionships were formed, and intimacies grew around us. I was unfortunate. Tom Reine had spent his vacation in the most depraved dissipation. He came back with his pockets empty of every thing except tavern bills and dunning letters. He wished to borrow money, and attached himself to me. I cared little for money, and, at that time, never had heard of imprisonment for debt. I supposed every body paid their debts; for me to owe a person, was a mortification. So I freely gave him all the money I had,

'for a few days,' as he said. He got out of difficulty by the means, and felt grateful. Even he would sometimes study, and urge me to it. He assisted me in my Greek lessons, lent me books, told me of good novels, and gave me several. I was in his room or he in mine continually. Whenever Tom had a frolic in his room, I was there, of course. I never knew how to refuse. I had no idea of consequences.

I dare say my simplicity was a fund of amusement to my fellow students. I asked many questions, and always expressed any thought of my mind in perfect openness, and must have betrayed much ignorance upon subjects it is thought a credit for a young man to know. I do not recollect that I had ever, up to this time of my life, told a falsehood in any important matter; and I was esteemed, for I really was, an honorable boy. To be unsophisticated, after one term at college, is no common praise.

One afternoon, as we were smoking in my room, and drinking porter, which effervesced in considerable noise, the tutor came suddenly upon us. Seeing what we were about, he retired. Presently I was summoned to his room by his freshman, or the one who has the privilege of living under him, by running of errands.

After endeavoring to magnify my offence in my own eyes, as one which demanded the severest punishment, he excited my fears, by saying he should report me to the government, and he could not say what would be the consequence. Considering all as lost, and rendered desperate by his cruel and ungentlemanly manner of treating me, I retorted upon him, and without ceremony left his room.

The affair having taken place in my room, I was considered the chief offender. I really felt much ashamed of my conduct; and had I been dealt with mildly by the tutor, and affectionately advised of the nature of my fault, and its consequences, a confidence might have been created to my lasting good. Had he been a benevolent man, and acquainted with young minds — as surely every one should be who deals with youth — I should have been saved much misery. But no: I had offended him; his malice must be satisfied. Accordingly I was reported to the government, with every circumstance of exaggeration, and received a 'public.' It was noised, as I thought, all over college. My pride was lacerated to the quick. I felt disgraced. I trembled when I thought of my father. I begged the president, with tears, that he might not be made acquainted with it. My request availed with him. But my character in my own eyes was blasted. I never could look any one in the face again. All was irrecoverably lost. Such was my simplicity. *Publics* were very common; and the elder students seemed to care for them, only because they lowered the rank for parts, and were the forerunners of suspension.

My companions endeavored to laugh me out of my sensibility; and I believe they really felt sorry for me, although it was esteemed a good joke. But it was my first humiliation in this way. I spent my time alone, and wept as I have never wept since. I thought of my father, my own mother, and stretched out my sympathies to find some object I could dwell upon for consolation. My thoughts, in this way, ran back to my happy years; and then I would ask my-

self how I could live under such a disgrace. It is the nature of sensibility to increase its own sorrow — to feed it from all the springs of tears we possess. If wretched, it calls up the picture of seasons when it was happy; if deserted, it dwells on fidelity; and if dying, it turns its eyes upon the gay living world.

Time healed my wounds, but it also hardened my heart. I hated tutor H ——. We recited to him every day. It seemed to me that he took delight in *screwing* me; and if I knew myself to be in the right, and possessed of my lesson, when he stopped me, I invariably got into a passion. I looked upon him as the author of my disgrace, and he seemed, even to my class-mates, to take delight in exciting my temper — hoping, no doubt, that I should be hurried into some act that would make me liable to college law. I avoided his department all I could, and thereby lost one of the most valuable courses of study — mathematics.

Tutor H —— was a low-bred man, who had been a charity scholar, and is a good specimen of the *traps* about college. Originally a black-smith, and with iron nerves, he took it into his head to get sick, and turn his attention to the *harder* studies. He got through college with some credit as a scholar; but was more remarkable for his unpopularity, on account of his meanness of character. After being graduated, he was made proctor, or spy, on account of his skill in ferreting — second to none, not even Read or Hays, to one of whom he is said to be distantly related. He was wont to say to the ladies, to whom he boasted of his mighty prowess, ‘that he loved to bring the sons of gentlemen down.’ In his day, he got forty students expelled; sixty-five suspended; more than a thousand ‘*publics*’ were given by his means; and he gave *privates* himself every day, by way of an appetite. He was an enormous eater — carnivorous — and when a student, fresh from the forge, he gained himself some notoriety by biting a nail in two parts with his teeth. Such was my enemy.

The government of the college was, in my day, composed of many sound men. Who can ever forget our venerable president W ——, with his round and benevolent face, his easy manners, his Christian love for the whole world? He was so pure and upright himself, that he never suspected wrong in others. Eminent as a divine, and man of polite learning, conscious of his own powers, he became too careless of his reputation as an orator. His manner in the pulpit was so familiar and easy, that to the undiscerning he seemed to lack in dignity of thought as well as of delivery. With more pedantry and more ostentation, he would have enjoyed at large a higher reputation, although he would have lost by it that beautiful simplicity which gained him so much love in private, and those ‘troops of friends’ who, with tears, witnessed his resignation.

Our professors ranked among the first men of the age. There was the heavy Dr. H ——, the polished Dr. F ——, and the nervous Dr. T ——; and although seldom seen, once the divine, then the learned and elegant scholar, and afterward the aspiring Mr. S ——, a man remarkable for many things — his fine writing, his public speeches, his labored efforts after distinction; who did shine as a speech-maker when Greece and chivalry were the subjects of dis-

course, but who proves in himself that statesmen must be something else than fine scholars. He has sunk, in public estimation, in spite of his wealth, his connexions, his reserve, and ostentation, into that place from which he can never emerge.

Beside, we had fine scholars who pursued learning for its own sake, and thought not of fame. I well recollect our venerable professor P ——. He was a student at Greek. He seemed to care for, to think of, nothing else. Dressed in a long, old-fashioned surtout, with long boots, and small clothes, and broad-brimmed hat, how often has he travelled the finely-gravelled walk to University-Hall, repeating Greek poetry, and enacting over in his mind the plays of Sophocles and Euripides — hugging his *Majora* the *το χαλόν* of his life. With long strides, and perhaps in musing mood, I now see him, as he gains the steps to the hall. Behind, half laughing at his attitudes, half trembling for fear of being taken up, if the lesson is hard, follow the college boys. Taking three stairs at a jump, the learned professor is already seated, and has commenced the operation of rubbing his hands, and bowing to his book, as the God of his idolatry. The students pour in, but he does not deign a look at them; he is already deeply engaged upon some passage, or conning a new reading. By and by he looks up with a stare, and collects his thoughts to the business in hand, and does it most thoroughly.

In after life, as his pupils remember his seclusion, his purity of life, his almost entirely intellectual existence — for he has lived alone, eat alone, and studied alone all his days — they regret, as I do, the ridicule we attached to his character, and to his high pursuits. He is one among many, who are unknown in their day and generation. His toils and vigils are for the cause of learning; and for every drop of blood dried up in his veins, a brilliant gem is added to the jewels of the mind. As travel, business, or pleasure shall carry back the sons of H — to her classic shades, and they wander amid the monuments of Mount Auburn, over no grave will so many hot tears be shed, or kind benedictions offered, as over that which shall enclose the remains of that much-loved professor. Our theological professor was never made to shine in public. His labors were the labors of thought, upon subjects too deep and too important to afford him time to cater for popular incense in flowery style and pulpit eloquence. The moralist, the essayist, the discourser upon well-established truths, can only hope for popularity by handling his topics with new ornaments and vivid coloring. He must be eloquent, and graceful, and thrilling, to rouse the attention and to enchain it; but the polemical writer cannot be too simple.

The sermons of Dr. W — were esteemed dry, by general hearers; but he was the chief corner stone of a new system: he had the weight of great responsibilities pressing upon him. He could not spend time in making himself agreeable; his object was to lay strong and deep the true principles of true Christianity, and to leave the gilding, and carving, and adorning to others. He was formed for the closet, and not for the pulpit. The opinions of many depended upon the movements of his pen. This professor will receive his meed from posterity and from his God. He was a mild, domestic man, who seemed to depend little upon the world or the world's praise for his happiness.

My impression is, that our government was composed of men who were better suited to make books than to be governors over young men, except in a few instances. We had one professor who was up to any thing. He was a complete speculator. He knew all vices and tricks, probably from experience. He was an iron-fisted fellow, with a most unscholar-like look and air, although it is said he is a good measurer of land, and can make himself quite agreeable to his superiors. To the students, his subjects, he was a tyrant. He vented his spleen by confusing his class at recitation by a variety of little plans, which no generous mind could ever conceive.

I mean no disrespect to the *respectable* officers of this college. They were generally good men, as the world will testify; but some of them had the failings of mortality — a fact rarely acknowledged of the clergy and the officers of a college. But how unfit are book-worms to form practical rules of government! We needed a man of the world at the head of our college; and they have got one now, I think; a ripe scholar, to boot. The fact is, that men unacquainted with the world, except from books, had to deal with young men, who were a great deal in the world, by some means or other. It was quite an object with the government, sometimes, to obtain a case admitting of severe punishment, for the sake of awing down the petty faults not large enough to get hold of. Some suffered severely for the sake of the general good; with a show of justice, too, which left the poor victim no hope of escape on any side. It was a kind of decimation, which belongs only to cases of great civil necessity.

I began to read a little at this time. I recollect well that I commenced my regular reading with Colley Cibber's *Lives*, which I read faithfully, as a task imposed upon myself, by some one's advice, from beginning to end. My own taste, however, soon led me into a kind of reading more congenial to my natural disposition. I had at this time given up all hopes of rank in the class, and my only desire was to live easily, get a degree, and avoid suspension. This year I read Irving, Scott, and Miss Edgeworth, Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, and *Man of the World*. The *Man of Feeling* was my favorite of all books — that, and the *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; for I was sufficiently well educated to drink in the idea of things all beauty from beginning to end.

These books, although they gave a sickly tinge to my character, were of great service to me on one account: they gave me a taste for reading. I have often remained in my room for weeks, under the plea of sickness, for the sake of getting time to read. I devoured every thing — history, biography, romance and poetry. Essays had great charms for me, and I read the forty volumes of the *British Essayists* in course: so that although I had the reputation of an idler, and one fond of frolics, still my college life was not spent so totally without employment. I waded through Hume and Gibbon, but I apprehend with little benefit. I was induced to undertake these works, because I had been complimented as a great reader, and I began to aim at the name. This I might have attained without the labor; but I merely wished to believe myself something; so I read the works faithfully from beginning to end.

Occasionally I was drawn into scrapes, because I did not know

how to refuse, and I loved excitement; but at this period, I had no fixed habits of dissipation. The reaction of high excitement was terrible to me. I could not bear the slightest elevation of feeling, even laughter, without a painful depression afterward. After one party, I was ready for another, for I could not read nor be alone; so that for three weeks of seclusion, I generally spent one of idleness and folly. I attended the theatre upon these occasions, played billiards, and rode about the country, in defiance of all college rules.

I was now in my second year, and my father began to suspect that his eldest son was not quite perfect. Bills of large amount were sent to him, and I stood exposed to his eyes in my true character. So, to avoid temptation, he hired a room for me out of college, at a great expense, and I lived alone. Here I spent some of the happiest hours of my life. My room overlooked the river, and beyond it commanded a delightful view of the country, cultivated as a garden. The college-grounds, finely intersected with gravel walks, and shaded by venerable trees, were a pleasant resort in the evening. Surely there is every thing about this college to inspire a love of learning; a library filled with the choicest books; society partaking of the literary taste of the institution; removal from every thing that is gross and worldly. The student may live in a world of letters, and find constant matter for pleasant occupation.

Freed entirely from all cares of a pecuniary nature, with good health and friends who were looking at my course with the strongest interest, why was I a fool? I did not see then as I do now. My situation was too easy. I did not estimate my advantages. I was like the natives of golden regions, spurning the precious ore, because it is so common. My *Majors* was interlined; I could *tic* my Latin, and get off; mathematics I neglected, and I loved to write my themes. My time was spent in reading. Day and night books were in my hands. I lived in a world of romance. Scott's *Pirate* was my favorite book — the character of Minna Troil the perfection of my ideas of woman. I read of her, and thought of my Catholic cousin. I indulged in the most extravagant fancies. I worshipped her — looked toward the place where she lived — placed myself by her side in imagination — kissed her dewy cheek — knelt at her feet, and poured out the rapturous emotions of my soul. I was a fictitious lover, and suffered and joyed, as if actually going through the scenes I imagined.

All this was entirely owing to my reading. My mind, having no proper objects of interest, spent itself in these vagaries. Force will find a vent; and the force of my mind ran to swell this channel. The exclusively imaginative works, in which, of late, I had been engaged, had brought out the qualities of the imagination, at the expense of more steady thoughts.

At this period of my life, my character underwent important changes. Tastes were fixed which have never been eradicated. It was fortunate that the books I read were of good moral tendency, or rather of not a bad moral tendency. If Bulwer had written at that day, I feel that the consequences would have been injurious to me beyond calculation. Not that Mr. Bulwer's works are bad in themselves, but they lay bare the depravity of the human heart;

they cause us to mistrust human nature, and create a contempt for man, which he undoubtedly deserves ; but such thoughts, taking root in a young mind, interfere with the thousand incentives to exertion, which the respect we bear the world and the world's honors, furnishes. The great objections I should make to Bulwer's writings, are, that they have exposed the shallowness of the world, and substituted nothing for the delusions he has deprived us of. We rise from the perusal of his works with much the same feelings a Catholic may be supposed to indulge, who finds himself shaken in his faith. He is without a religion, and he is desolate.

But have we any right to blame this gifted sifter of mankind ? No. We must right ourselves as we can. The present age in England may suffer from his common sense doctrine, which has divested the peerage of its infallibility, but posterity will venerate his name. With a bold hand he has seized the very senate by the beard, and shaken the aristocratic powder from their pates. They look like other men ; and the people of England have awakened to a sense of their rights.

From Miss Edgeworth's 'Ennui' I reaped great good. The 'Man of Feeling' rather improved the kindliness of my heart. Scott gave me ideas of regality, and threw light upon my historical reading. I had my head full of scraps of poetry once — although I relished it, generally, far less than prose — which I used to bring out upon every occasion I could make, because it was thought *literary* to do so ; but I have got over such puppyism. I sported Latin, for the same reason. How silly I must have appeared, to men who knew the human heart !

If you are a young man, weary reader, beware how you quote poetry, and more careful how you write it — at least to publish. The eyes of old heads are upon you, which fathom your shallow vanity, pity your boyish enthusiasm, and your false views. Keep your tongue close, in select societies, where you discover quiet-looking men, who seem wrapped in their own thoughts, and not to be aware of your existence. Their eyes are upon you. They were once like you. The mist has been cleared from their sight. They see in, around, and upon you. You are an object of curious speculation to them. Beware !

I have said I had no great love for poetry. There was one poem, however, which I did read with unalloyed pleasure — Moore's 'Loves of the Angels.' I read it, because I loved the book. I could repeat almost the whole of it, for it came unbidden to my mind. One passage I shall never forget :

'It was in dreams that first I stole
In gentle mastery o'er her mind,
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that fancy builds.'

I thought, and still think, this one of the finest passages in poetry, for versification, truth, music, and language. To say nothing of the pretty alliteration, 'shadowy shape,' it is perfect in measure and cadence. What can equal the bright fantasy of a dream, unless it

be a 'rich twilight?' Has not the soul its morning, when it rouses itself up, its noon of quiet and repose? — and then the eventide comes on, the cares of day are banished, and it yields itself to the luxuries of domestic bliss, the pleasures of song and intellect; and the anticipation of these delights makes the 'rich twilight' of the poet. He has drawn from out of 'visible nature' that which alone can express a high state of moral and mental rest.

Those angels loved after my own heart. I could sympathize with the depth of their devotion. And then the constancy of Zaraph and Nama! Such a conclusion! How exalted! Her eyes were like my cousin's. I was a second Zaraph. I was reclining upon a grassy hill — the gorgeous sun was setting — we (I did not know exactly who) were conversing upon high events. She came to call me. Her impatient love could not delay. I was the happiest of men. Alas! what scenes of idle dreaming did my room, that year, witness! Toward the close of it, one day, as I was indulging in one of these golden dreams of unreal bliss, playing king or lover, savage or saint, martyr or hero, to myself, with my feet on the fender, and a cigar in my mouth, the president's *fresh* came in, and handed me a suspension-bill, and left me, with a mock bow. I opened it. It was a suspension for — *idleness*!

WHY ARE WE HERE?

I.

Why are we here? The infant wail,
While nestling in its mother's breast,
With feeble tone begins the tale,
Then passes to a better rest:
A fleeting smile — a falling tear —
Why are we here? — why are we here?

II.

Why are we here? The bud of hope,
That springs in childhood's happy hour,
Lies crushed ere yet its blossoms ope,
Beneath dull care's all-with'ring power:
Fit emblem of man's weak career —
Why are we here? — why are we here?

III.

Why are we here? As brief as frail
Is man's maturity and prime;
Lone wand'rer down life's stormy vale —
Swift voyager of fleeting time!
A breath — a thought — and death is near —
Why are we here? — why are we here?

IV.

Why are we here? That silvery hair,
Those palsied limbs, bespeak decay;
Those feeble eyeballs' sightless glare,
Too surely tell life's closing day.
The trial o'er — man on his bier —
Why are we here? — why are we here?

v.

Why are we here? Behold yon star,
 In splendor beaming o'er the sea!
 E'en thus the souls of virtue are,
 When purged from earth, from sorrow free:
 In heaven no sorrow can appear;
 For this we're here — for this we're here!

vi.

Why are we here? Who could but choose,
 Though thrice earth's cares beset the road,
 To toil life's chequer'd journey through,
 And dwell eternally with God?
 To fit us for that glorious sphere —
 For *this* we're here — for *this* we're here!

A. M. M.

 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROOMSTICK.

 BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR VILLAGE,' 'THE OLD CHURCH,' 'MARINE FREEBOOTER,' ETC.

It has of late become quite fashionable to immortalize the world's people in the form of biography. But as no one has had sufficient sagacity to discover *my* virtues, or candor to declare them, I am determined to immortalize myself. I do not intend to go down 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung;' and although my enemies may consider me egotistical, yet I must say, with the poet, that whatever may be my deserved fame,

'Like Garcia's, let me *hear* it.'

Many years ago, when the continent was new, I recollect that I was a small sapling, in a vast unpruned wilderness, and completely overshadowed by the giant trees that waved above me. The red man wandered wild and free through the solitude, and at eve couched himself upon the earth, beneath my tender branches. Around me was scattered all the wild magnificence of nature. Cataracts thundered, and in the twilight of the morning their rolling mists floated up and caught the red beams of the ascending sun. The little stream wimpled down the mossy declivity, and flowers of many a hue gathered about its margin. In the winter, dense bodies of snow descended upon our leafy evergreen roof, and threw a deep shadow below, imparting imaginings of a Lapland night. At times, in the solemn hush of midnight, some regal pine would crash away, and roar in its fall, like the thunder of heaven. The wolf, the bear, the panther, and the deer passed rapidly by, gaunt and starving, and the Indian, their lord, followed on, with death in his eye. No white man had then ever trod the earth whereon I stood; the red man reigned supreme over the territory around.

But as I grew up to the stature of a tree, I saw with pain the tribes, one by one, melting away. Like the snow upon the sunny slopes, they wasted, and their arms became weak, as the beams of civilization warmed around them. They grew impatient and restless, and, in a moody and broken spirit, burst the strings of their bows, and flung them to the winds. They saw their sovereignty depart —

their throne and sceptre usurped — their kingdom no more — their father's graves bore the imprint of other footsteps — and they looked upon the wreck like Caius Marius on poor fallen Carthage!

The game, too, by instinct, commenced their emigration. No longer screened by the green shadows of the forest, they sought another home by the wild shores of the Pacific. The echo of the woodman's axe was no music to them, and each blow started them from their forest reveries. They, too, followed the Indians, and destruction then commenced with greater fury than ever.

At last, in the course of events, my turn came. I was then a goodly tree, and held my head as high as almost any brother by my side. I recollect a little thick, chubby personage came waddling along, with an axe upon his shoulder, muttering against his ill fortune, and leaning against my trunk, swore that wood-chopping was nothing but slavery, and no man, with the least spark of freedom, would ever be caught at it. He said his master had no more heart than a rock; that he saw about as much of society as an owl, owing to his sequestered employment; and he had a good mind, he said, to quit the business, and join the army, as General Washington was much in want of volunteers. After discharging the bile from his stomach, he seemed to feel better; and commenced in good earnest to hack away. The consequence was, that I soon expired, though not exactly without a groan. My limbs were handsomely trimmed up, and some part burnt, while other portions were transported to a certain establishment, and there converted into broom-sticks, and finally into a broom itself.

The process of manufacturing cannot much interest my readers. The proceeding is a common one, without much novelty or poetry to recommend it. I might say, in a fanciful way, that here I was baptized, as I received my name, or rather changed it. I had for a long time been an ornament to the forest; now I was to become the *thing* of a kitchen — to be handled by servants, house-wives, etc. But in the first place, I had the satisfaction of being placed, or rather hung, in front of the village store. A hole had been bored through my head, a leather string run through, and I was thus exposed for sale to the highest bidder. I recollect being witness to many confidential interviews which passed between the merchant and his clerk. The former, in a supposed confidential way, began one night to boast of the profits arising from having his yard-stick some sixteenth of an inch too short. The world, he said, obtained a living by knavery — why should not he help to play the game? The lawyer fleeced his clients — the doctor his patients; large salaries commanded the genius of the pulpit; in fact, there was trickery in all business, and all professions, and why should not he live by the same means? He then asked the clerk if the sugar had been sanded, the rum watered, and the goods marked up. He proposed, among other things, to get up a dissolution, and sell all the goods off 'at cost,' as they had now an unusual quantity of the old stock on hand, and that would be the only method of effecting an entire sale of every thing.

I must confess I was astonished at such a colloquy; but being

dumb, I could not of course express my feelings. Oh, how I wished that some one would drop in and purchase me ! But each one urged some objection, and it was long before I found a master.

At last a poor ragged-looking outcast staggered up to me, and grasping my head, steadied himself into the store, where a bargain was soon under way. He was, indeed, a pitiable object. His shoe gaped open at the toe, and the dirty woollen yarn fluttered from the orifice. His pantaloons and coat altogether outrivalled Joseph's in color, and the rainbow into the bargain. Oh, he had a beautiful face ! It was all dotted with little red spots, which shone and bloomed, in palpable relief. There was a rheumy substance flowing continually from his eyes, and the lashes which were—or rather *had been*—bathing therein, were now completely scalded away. His breath was quite unlike the spicy gales of the east; and some one declared in my hearing that it was inflammable. I soon saw that the man was no friend of the merchant's. It might be that there was not sufficient confidence reposed in his paper. Cash was insisted upon, but the buyer as strongly insisted upon credit. At last, however, the merchant got the best of the argument, and I was purchased.

My new master and I started for home, but, alas ! we did not reach it. He became extremely weary, from various causes, and dropping behind a hedge, he fell asleep, and so remained until morning. While he was in a state of insensibility, a sly urchin came by, and after mischievously tying him to the fence, grasped me with great eagerness, and ran away. He carried me along on his shoulder, 'whistling as he went, for want of thought,' until he came to a rapid river that ran by the road side, where he flung me in, and away I launched, like a dart, far down the rapid tide.

I recollect as I came to a still, deep spot in the river, I beheld a fisherman sitting very quietly under the shadow of a bank, in patient hope of a nibble. He looked like a statue—so calm—so placid—so composed. Nothing sublunary appeared to trouble him. The little bubbles and foam played round his line—the small whirlpools gathered here and there, taking the saw-dust in their circles—and every now and then some 'trout in speckled pride' threw himself above the tranquil surface of the waters. I saw the fisherman, and he saw me. With what anxiety he watched me ! As I neared the shore, he rose upon his feet, and reaching afar with his pole, endeavored to draw me to the shore ; but he lost his balance, and toppling over, away he went. We floated in company down to the shallows, where he struggled upon his feet, and paused to take breath. Having no time to waste, I could not tarry with him ; so bidding him 'good morning,' I pursued my solitary way.

Onward and onward I moved, until I reached a little mill-dam, and floating idly into the floom of a cloth-dressing establishment, became entangled under the wheel, on the 'apron,' and soon brought the whole concern to a pause. The head-water on the wheel was extremely light ; and being of good substantial oak, my beauty was but slightly marred. Soon, however, the foreman came down, his mouth overflowing with oaths, and denounced all the floating trash that ever swam on water ; and when, at last, he reached me, I was

jerked out with great spite, and, with an imprecation, thrown into the race-way.

At last, I wheeled into a quiet little pool, almost buried by the creeping herbage that gathered above it. I had not remained long in this situation, before I heard a rustling among the vines, and presently a sweet form burst through, and stood watching me in silence. The waters never before mirrored a lovelier face. She was extremely plain and simple in her costume, but every thing about her exhibited great care and cleanliness. She reached out her hand, and grasped me; and after eyeing me quite curiously, hurried away with me toward the house. I was taken into a little cottage, where every thing indicated what the world terms poverty. Ah! how little the world knows of what constitutes real happiness! There were no shining mirrors — no draped damask swaying to every breeze — no Brussels carpeting to tread upon — but *nature* was there: hill, valley, rock, and pure breezes, were the wealth and treasures of this spot.

The whole family consisted only of a mother, and three children who gathered around, and many were the surmises passed upon me. I might have floated off with the last freset; perhaps some unruly urchin had plunged me into the stream, or some other strange accident might have befallen me. And then they reasoned, that it was wrong to take possession of me. They finally concluded, however, to adopt me, and I soon became an inmate of the family. I could scarcely have fallen into hands where I should have been obliged to be more industrious. Neatness and order were the predominant qualities of the household. To appearance, every one was happy; and the hours as they passed, were welcomed by cheerful and contented hearts. The family rose in the twilight of the morning, and the sluggard never entered their doors. Unfortunately my residence here was doomed to be a brief one. One summer day, a poor tattered-looking being came in, and solicited alms. As benevolence was a prominent feature in the character of the inmates, he was soon supplied with the necessaries of life, and to all appearance was extremely grateful for their charity. As he passed out, however, he seized, partially concealed, and bore me away in triumph. He seemed greatly to pride himself on his success, and then immediately began planning to himself schemes to obtain more plunder. With this villain I kept company many days; and the art and deception which he used to excite the pity and liberality of his dupes, would scarcely be credited. At last, my peregrinations were brought to a close, and my master sat me up in a corner, in his own house. This house was situated in a valley between two towering hills — a fit spot for one who pursued its occupant's line of business. The rooms were crowded with plunder, and the children, who had been bred to the employment of their father, were as wicked in appearance as reality. I was often amused in watching them, while engaged in their decorations, previous to a sally forth in pursuit of sympathy. How they studied the passions — the melancholy whine — the instantaneous shedding of tears! What charity would not bestow, vice obtained by theft. This little company dispersed themselves over a wide extent of country, and weeks frequently passed ere their return. I often wished that the power of speech had been bestowed upon me. Then, I

thought, I would make an exposition of my master's wicked house. But, alas! I lost my head here, and this is the simple tale of my decapitation.

My master remarked to my mistress that the day was a cloudy one, and the skies indicated rain. She begged leave to differ—it was too cool to rain. He declared he had known it rain when it was much cooler. She averred that there could be no such thing. He said she was always in the opposition. She maintained he was 'no better than he should be.' This he conceived to be no less than slander outright, and spitefully spit in her face. She, in return, caught me up, and anon, thick and fast fell the blows upon her 't' other half.' At last my head flew off in the conflict, and being thus ruined, I was thrown far down the declivity, and consigned, as supposed, to oblivion.

It so happened, that a fine boy, who was rambling among the hills, saw me in my prostrate condition, and like the good Samaritan, took compassion upon my exposed situation. Catching me up, he bore me along in the capacity of a walking-staff. He was just at that romantic age when hope colored the future with her most gorgeous hues. Rustic and simple, the world was a mystery to him, and he lived in imagination a hundred lives. How insensible he appeared to the fact that he was linking his heart to those hills and streams, by a cord too firm for the world ever to sunder—that images were engraving themselves upon his soul which would live forever! He was dreaming of ambition: wealth, learning, power, dominion, were his gods. Poor child! Although I am a broomstick, yet let me moralize. And I would ask, could this biography reach him, if he ever turned, in the busy pathway of life, to those pure hills that shadowed the cottage of his nativity? I would ask him, if the recollection of those spots are not living fountains to his thirsty soul? Oh! he has *not* forgotten their woody aisles—the summer wind that twinkled the foliage of the trees—the rainbow glories that hung there in beauty, when silent autumn came on with solemn pace. The tiny brook that fell leaping from on high, turned his wheel, while he gazed mutely by, in young astonishment. He hears again, in fancy, the deep bay of his dog reverberating afar among the rocks; the chatter of the squirrel, that provoked him from his secure eyrie on high, breaks once more upon his busy ear. Sweet, indeed, are such reminiscences! They are the only pure balm for the troubled spirit. But to return.

The little urchin who took charge of me, after rambling for many hours, conveyed me home, where I was quietly placed in the corner of the room. The first objects which I observed on my arrival, were two young ladies, of very pleasing appearance. I soon learned that they were orphans, and resorted to needle-work for a livelihood. The village itself was quite a conspicuous little spot, and distinguished for the pride and gentility of its people. But a false pride tyrannized over these two ladies. They were ashamed of their employment. Standing quietly in my corner, listening to the ceaseless stitch of the needle, I have seen the whole stock and business disappear by a solitary rap at the door. They would then shake the wrinkles from

their dresses, gather a stray curl to its proper place, assume a convivial demeanor, and declare to their company that slaves only labored for a living. How ignorant they affected themselves in regard to industry! But the strangest delusion of all, was the supposition that the world was ignorant of their schemes. The world knew them all; and many is the joke that has been uttered by young bucks, in my presence, on this subject, when the ladies had for a moment left the room.

Had the power of speech been granted me, methinks I might have given them some good counsel. I would have charged them never to be ashamed of industry, let the nature of their employment be what it might. Industry is always honorable. The sluggard is a nuisance to society. And young ladies ought to consider that such conduct is only throwing a brief deception around them, which must disappear, when marriage at last overtakes them. She who has been instrumental in deceiving a lover, generally receives her punishment at the hands of a husband. And the world are not always deceived, though such may be the opinion of those who play the game. When this is the case, contempt and scorn are the natural consequence.

While I was an inmate in this family, I had an opportunity of witnessing another poor specimen of humanity. He occupied a front room, in the second story of the house, and had been for years a victim to patent medicines. He had read the manifold advertisements of these articles, until he imagined himself possessed of every disease in Christendom. Around his apartment, arranged in rows, might be seen the productions of the whole host of empirics, from Adam downward. Poor deluded soul! Pale and emaciated, he crawled around his room, suffering more from imagination than ten thousand realities could have inflicted. He murmured at every change in the weather. The damp morning incurred his bitter denunciations; the clear sky was too bracing for his consumptive constitution; in short, no change of climate or season was acceptable to him. He daily died a hundred deaths in fearing one. He kept in attendance a quack physician, who invariably steamed him once a week, to prepare his system, as he said, for the mysterious medicine which was to follow. He condoled often with his patient in thus being so unfortunately afflicted, and declared that it was not so much his fee which he desired, as it was to be a philanthropist to mankind. The fact was, the patient had been blessed with a good stock of health; but in a weak moment, he submitted to quackery; and from that period, had been undergoing the process of slow murder. From morning until night, and from night until morning again, I have listened to his '*ugh!* — *ugh!* — *ugh!*' — his groans — his sighs. Still, he was made to believe that 'he was mending fast;' and even while the quack was declaring that he would 'yet see good days, and be a blessing to his friends,' *he died!*

In this family, I had been used for almost every purpose. On Mondays I was engaged to stir up the clothes, as they hang boiling and bubbling over the fire. Three days at least in the week I was hurled at the fowls and pigs, when they encroached too near the kitchen door. Sometimes I might be seen bracing

up the door of the larder — sometimes tearing down the silver web of the spider — and then hurrying through the garret, threatening death to the rats and other vermin, that dared to exhibit their eyes. At last, one of the boys ran me into a hoe, and away I went, scratching among the cucumbers, and corn, and dew-sprinkled cabbages: in truth, I employed the whole summer in the labors of horticulture. When I was not busy, I was generally to be found quietly hanging in the pear tree, and, as was supposed, in perfect security. But a different fate awaited me. One dark night, I heard a cautious footstep approaching. I found myself suddenly grasped, and detached from the limb to which I hung. I was hurried instantly away — for I was kidnapped! My master was a gentleman very commonly clad, and his breath had a peculiar flavor. He had not proceeded far, before he separated me from the hoe itself, and pocketing the steel, threw me into one of the neighboring pastures, amid the dewy grass. My bed was a cool one, yet it was somewhat ameliorated by being near the fence. I had not remained long in this position, when a person approached, and commenced warily throwing down the rails upon me. After a few moments, he began calling his sheep, guiding them safely through the aperture, saying, as they passed: ‘It is very unfortunate to have unruly flocks, that will, in spite of yourself, infringe upon your neighbor’s ground!’ I thought as much. But what surprised me more, was the fact, that no flock passed the other way. This was owing, possibly, to the barrenness of the pasture. On the following morning, the farmers *both* lamented the catastrophe, and trusted that such an occurrence might not happen again.

As I lay amid the green grass, my memory ran back over the winding pathway I had traversed, and I hope the reader with me. It was indeed a scene for reflection. The blue heavens bending above, were stamped with the golden stars — those fires that burn for ever, and yet are not quenched. As I gazed at them, the thought of their antiquity rushed upon me. It was that same blue-spangled curtain that hung on high above old Rome, when she rioted in all her luxury and magnificence. The shepherds who ‘watched their flocks by night,’ were warned to study that living page for a light to guide them to the expected Messiah: the Arab, as he travelled the boundless fields of sand, trusted to those burning orbs, for they alone were his chart and compass. Well may the stars be called the ‘poetry of heaven!’ Beyond the grasp of poor frail man, they light him from the cradle, and down to the sepulchre. Their beams are shed upon his monument, until *that* too is crumbled away, and no token remains to point the spot where his ashes lie. Could a voice be heard from their blue home, doubtless it would speak of a race that passed from our continent long ere the canvass of Columbus was furled upon our shores; a race that preceded the Indian — a people whose *remains* are yet among us, but whose history lies deep in oblivion. Our harvests wave above their graves, and the plough turns up their bones from their couch of many centuries. But I am wandering again.

The pasture-boy caught me up one morning from my bed of repose, and threw me into the street, where I was discovered, and

picked up by a teamster, who carried me to the great emporium. On my arrival, I was presented, in compassion, to a lame mendicant, who conveyed me home to his filthy dwelling, and converted me into a crutch. Oh, the misery I beheld here! Pages could not record it. Disease, crime, poverty, were all united. How little do the opulent realize the situation of the poor in a great metropolis! But I must close. I am too miserable, in my miserable abode, to write farther.

H. H. R.

THE MEMORIES OF LIFE.

'Ah! still I gaze, and feel as one
Who, travelling, marks a landscape pass'd,
Where streams the influence of the sun,
While cloud and storm are round him cast.'

I know not years — yet have I lived long years,
And known deep sorrow — and if beam of joy
Have gleamed across my pathway, as I trod
The valley of my pilgrimage, it seem'd
As if in mockery — and the lustre fell
Upon my spirit's front, like the cold light
Upon the ice-mounts of the shining north.

No radiance has been mine, that lit the heart,
But that which played upon its summit — all
Without or warmth or glory. I have lived
When life was but a pastime — and the beat
Of the quick pulse was like no pendulum,
That measures what it governs — but a rush
Of the ungoverned waters, that spring forth
And pass to sea in tumult. On that wave
Rose the bright spirit of joy — and every swell
Of the glad billow lifted while it bore
A soul of joyousness — but sweeping down
The pathway of sad change, the skies were chang'd,
And the deep light departed. I was left
A being over whom the sights and sounds
Of earth had lost their power — a being bow'd
As to new idols, and new worship. Thus,
Without a heeded measure of my days,
They passed to the great ocean. I beheld
No value to them. Like a pendulum,
They swung their weary duty — pattering
The story of Time's passage; and to-day
Telling the tale of yesterday — till years
Pass'd in this nothingness, and I beheld
Their history on my brow. I heard afar,
Like the great anthem of the heaving sea,
A sound come o'er my ear, when I recall'd
The mem'ry of young joy — the beautiful,
The many-voiced, and holy. I trode back
The path where I had leapt when pulse was song,
And every cadence music — when the sky
Was but a habitation of bright hearts,
That beat to melody — and gave the world
A lustre and a loveliness that none
Could season into being, though they seemed
Led by the best philosophy — a light
That the soul gather'd from simplicity,
And gazed on through this dome of all the stars!

January, 1837.

GRENVILLE Mellen.

A WEEK IN CINCINNATI.

IN 1829.

'REALLY, this is a foine town,' exclaimed a drawling young Trollope, to an old man who stood tottering upon the verge of sixty and the side-walk, and who nodded assent, as I passed up Main-street. 'It may be,' thought I, 'for it has noble streets, beautiful buildings, capacious markets, lofty churches,' etc. So extending my walk a little, I ascended one of those everlasting hills in the rear of the city, and took a bird's-eye view of its magnitude and position, which embraces several square miles of surface, and whose *tout ensemble*, reflected upon the glassy waters of 'La Belle Riviere,' presents one of the most gorgeous and gratifying spectacles in the western world. The next morning, bright and early, I repeated my promenade, and before noon felt myself quite familiar with the boundaries of the town. I need not describe its beauties; for they are, or should be, as familiar as household words to those who cannot find it in their hearts to overlook such graphic delineations as those of Basil Hall, and Mad. Trollope, and, *par nobile fratrum*, Col. Hamilton, Maj. Ferrall, and Barrister Vigne. I therefore omit them, and recommend those who wish to have a correct idea of this eighth wonder of the western world, to visit it themselves; but by all means to go without letters:

'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'

For example: My first letter of introduction I presented to the postmaster; for I always make it a point, in a large city, to gain the early acquaintance of this man of letters, that I may be sure of getting my own punctually, and of hearing the latest and best news from the fountain-head. I called at a fashionable hour, and for once only enjoyed the sight and conversation of a deaf old man of sixty — a veritable Jacksonian, of the methodist persuasion — a multitudinous sect in this godly city, which, with Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, and others, have turned their little world upside down, and fulfilled to the very letter every thing which Mad. Trollope has revealed to us in her glowing descriptions of their demoralizing camp-meetings, and ultra revivals. I have sometimes attended them, and can bear witness, that in this instance, at least, the old lady has recorded the truth.

My next was such a letter as Chesterfield might have written, and was addressed to a merchant — one of the 'big bugs,' as they are called in the west. He had been president of a bank, insurance company, etc., but some how or other — and it is not uncommon in new countries — a change had come over his fortunes. He had lost his property, and with it his influence. He seemed broken-hearted, and, as I thought, in no disposition to share his misfortunes with a stranger. The chief and best reason I had for presenting the letter, was the pleasure it might give him to hear of the welfare of his former and absent friend.

I now selected from my budget, and fortified myself with, an introductory note from a gentleman of distinction — one of our foreign

ambassadors, and with which I hoped to be admitted to the centre of Almack's, if not to the very freedom of the city itself. It was addressed to a man of law — one of the world, and acquainted with its forms — a man of wealth, and who knew how to keep it. By 'particular request,' I joined a friend to meet him at his own house, the following evening, where, thought I, we shall be sure to see something of the 'domestic manners' of the Cincinnatians. We had scarcely been seated at his fire-side, and exchanged a word or two with his lady, when the barrister remarked that he had an express invitation for us to attend an evening party at one of the most fashionable drawing-rooms in the city. How could we refuse? It was at Mad. B ——'s. The rooms were crowded. There was music and dancing as we entered, and 'all went merry as a marriage bell.' We were treated with all the kindness due to strangers so honorably introduced, and with marked hospitality; but where was the barrister, our friend? He had disappeared, *sans ceremonie*; and though I remained a sojourner in the city many days, ill of a tertian, I never knew what became of him; and to this day have never had an opportunity to discharge an obligation which rests upon my heart of hearts for his civility, nor thanked him for his condescension and his kindness.

The next evening — for, as a professional man, I have learned to time my visits according to the necessity of the case — I called and presented myself to the Magnus Apollo of the literary world of Cincinnati. I was introduced to his short acquaintance by a letter from his 'friend and class-mate,' who was himself an emigrant, and who now reposes in the valley of the shadow of death, on the banks of the Missouri. He was sitting at a centre-table, overshadowed with reviews, magazines, and pamphlets, seemingly arranging the 'last number' for the press, surrounded by his wife and very interesting family. His young and lovely daughter was there, with her scarlet robe and pink slippers, redolent of all those charms and virtues which Mad. Trollope has lavished upon her, in her 'Domestic Manners of the Americans;' and in one corner of the room sat the veritable old Trollope herself — rough-cast and misshapen — of coarse and vulgar expression, and a head, viewed phrenologically, of the very lowest order. She was a frequent intruder here, and gleaned many of her opinions upon literature and religion, if not of 'domestic manners,' from one who had been ten years a sojourner in the valley of the Mississippi. A second visit to this excellent reverend gentleman, gained me the promise of letters to the 'low countrie,' which, as in duty bound, I politely declined; and soon set forward with the liveliest anticipations of what my horoscope would reveal to me in a second visit to the sunny south:

'That region where the sun's so bright —
The air so mild, the wine so light.'

But here let me remark, that the people of Cincinnati are not wanting in hospitality: by no means; and whatever Mad. Trollope — good easy soul — may have thought of their 'expressive silence,' in regard to her own person, she should have cordially forgiven them, in consideration of the overpowering civilities not long

before extended to one whose name as well as her own now 'smells of the blood of an Englishman.' It seems that a gentleman of color, of more than ordinary shrewdness and attraction, had strayed away from his lawful owner in Louisiana, and gone to sport awhile his feather in the virgin city of the west. He had adorned his curly pate with a wig and a prodigious pair of whiskers, and embellished his sooty person with a flaming sword, uniform, and epaulettes, and announced himself as the son or nephew of *Major General Ross*, of *Bladensburg* memory. No sooner was it whispered abroad that a distinguished military gentleman had entered the city, than every thing was set in motion to render his stay agreeable, and make time dance away with down upon its feet. He was a perfect *Mariboro'* with the gentlemen, and with the ladies, he was for all the world like love among the roses. Their fluttering little hearts could find no rest, while a simper or a smile was seen to play around the 'ebony and topaz' lips of the gallant captain.

'Alas! what was love made for,
If 't is not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow,
Through torment and shame?'

He now enjoyed the freedom of the city, and entered, unquestioned and most welcome, the theatre and assemblies; and not a route, nor dinner party, nor a musical *soirée*, nor a *conversazione*, could be had, unless darkened by the presence of this stick of ebony. He was now the reigning toast of 'all parties,' and hand and glove with those who granted him the freedom of their boxes at the theatre, where he nightly added perfume to the violet, and at times was so entranced by the 'spirit of his dream,' as seemingly to 'die of a rose in aromatic pain.' But can the Ethiopian change his skin? We believe not. And so it turned out; for one evening the *soi-disant* captain, having forgotten his engagement at a fashionable supper party, which had been expressly made, and was in waiting, for his excellency, the gentlemen—perhaps some of the ladies—became rather uneasy, if not alarmed, for his safety, and a servant was despatched to learn the cause of his cruel absence. He returned quite breathless, but with the laughing devil in his eye, and made known to his mistress and the company that '*Massa Captain Ross*' was engaged at a scrub-ball, given in honor of '*de fair sec*,' who were about to emigrate to the borders of Canada. What immediate effect this message had upon the party, and especially the ladies, I could never learn; though it is said there is not one of them, to this day, who hears the name of Captain Ross repeated, whose heart is not moved as by the sound of a trumpet.

Cincinnati abounds in churches. There are more, I think, than are needed, and many more, I dare say, than are useful. Many of them are built up by means of schisms and dissensions, and instead of contributing the greatest possible happiness to the greatest number, they reverse the maxim, and contribute the greatest possible misery to the greatest number. The dullest sermon upon the dullest subject I think I ever heard, was from one of their pulpits. The church music is execrable, and the lovers of harmony, it was said,

could only have their ears regaled with the concord of sweet sounds, by going into a little chapel where one of the faculty of medicine dispenses the gospel to a handful of hearers who call themselves Swedenborgians. A beautiful Unitarian church recently erected, is an ornament to the city. The Rev. Mr. —, from Boston, made the society a visit a while since, and his pulpit oratory was much admired. The ladies, dear creatures, were enraptured with him; and I was told by a sweet little fairy, that they actually halted at a confectioner's on their way from church, and called for ice-creams! 'Good,' said I: '*Je noterai cela, Madame, dans mon livre.*'

I cannot say much for the literature of Cincinnati, though there are persons there who are themselves literary, and who would have us believe it to be the Athens of the West. There are several good book-stores and reading-rooms, an Athenæum, a Franklin Institute, etc. But these latter, I could see, were not well patronized nor attended. The magazines and reviews lie covered with dust upon the tables, and were seldom disturbed. There is a circulating library attached to the Athenæum, containing a few historical works, and a score or two of novels. At the Franklin Institute, I heard a young man, who was self-taught, and who was ambitious of being thought both literary and scientific, lecture upon painting and sculpture. His remarks upon the former were drawn chiefly from the life and writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the latter from Winckelman. He was an adept in music, too, and it was said played sweetly upon the guitar.

There is a medical college here, which has been a fruitful source of evil, as well as of good, to the city. It has struggled through several long and bitter wars — *medica bella* — and many grievous dissensions and angry jealousies have threatened its very foundation. For several years, more legalized quackery issued from its walls than any other medical institution probably in the United States. It has recently undergone another and another reform, and promises, under a new direction, to be more serviceable to the public; though it may still be regarded as *le forge des docteurs*, as Professor Configliachi would say, which annually sends forth many a tyro, who had better be tilling the soil of the west, than in constant apprehension of breaking the sixth commandment.

The freedom of elections here, as in all new towns and communities, where the population is so restless and fluctuating, is a source of great and increasing evil, not easy to be corrected. It will eventually, I fear, destroy our free institutions, and sap the very foundations of that glorious liberty which we have so long and preëminently enjoyed. 'Corruption wins not more than honesty,' said Woolsey, though now-a-days the reverse of the maxim seems to be politically true. We take an example from this city, the truth of which was guaranteed to us by one of her own citizens, and which may serve both to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.'

It seems that a scheming, cunning fellow, from the back woods, who had been bred a lawyer, or rather half-bred — and which brings to mind the old saw, that half a loaf is better than *no* bread — emigrated to this city with the determination of improving his condition, and if possible, to gain a post of honor in the political world. He

could not have come to a better market. To find an opportunity to win upon the favor of all and sundry of the republican citizens, he condescended to begin his career as a hawker of gingerbread, etc. He 'toted' a wheel-barrow with cake and ale, and other fine edibles, throughout the city, until he gained the acquaintance of, and became familiar with, every man and *beast* that could give him a vote. By chance, he passed the mayor's office, or some other court of justice, at the moment that a fellow citizen had been arraigned for petty larceny, or some such offence, and who needed counsel to rescue him from his 'durance vile.' He proffered *his* services, and they were accepted — the '*rectus in curia*' to the contrary notwithstanding. The plea was successful, and the prisoner discharged, amid the deafening shouts of the multitude, who had assembled to hear the gingerbread-pedlar advocate the claims of the prisoner, and prove the strength of the maxim, that it is better for ninety-and-nine guilty persons to escape punishment, than for one innocent man to suffer. From this moment, he considered his fortune as made, and the vote of the city as his own. He forthwith offered himself as a candidate for the *first* office in the gift of the people, viz: that of state representative; and strange to say, though true, he distanced his opponent, who was a military gentleman, of high standing, and who had long before gained bright laurels in fighting the battles of his country. The 'sovereign people' will no doubt advance the political interests of the gingerbread-merchant, who may yet prove a formidable rival to *Jack Downing*, and live to be hailed as the 'greatest and best' in the federal city. What reflections might we make here! — but we forbear; for 'it is painful,' as Somerville has feelingly remarked, 'to reflect on the degeneracy of modern times — on the unnatural excitement of low ambition, which instigates every beggar to tread on the heels of every gentleman, and every gentleman pant to be a king.'

There is a good theatre in the city, which, in the winter season, is often well and fully attended. There are regular public assemblies and cotillion-parties, also, to which strangers are admitted, and which are indeed very agreeable. We attended one of the most brilliant and fashionable for the season, held on Washington's birth-night, at the Bazaar, a famous building erected at the expense and ruin of Madame Trollope, who was never more shocked in her life, she says, than when she saw the fair 'wall flowers' attached to the ceiling, 'putting their sweet-meats and creams in their laps,' and thus, independent of the gentlemen, enjoying their 'sweet, but sad and sulky repast.' I confess it seemed to me a little outré, but then it is 'eminently characteristic of the country,' as she says, and what could we do? Quadrilles and cotillions were the order of the night, and we spent most of it in gazing at the fairy forms and smiling faces which surrounded us, and which, as Yorick would say, made the very locks shake upon our shoulders. 'Pray who is that Hebe-like lady,' said I to my friend, 'that forms the centre of attraction, round which are revolving many lesser stars, in that lively cotillion? She is beautiful; and he that feels himself weak, should pray to Heaven to guard him from such eyes as those.'

'Oh!' said he, with a deep and expressive sigh, 'she is the daughter

of Mrs. H ———, who lives in Broadway, and who keeps the most fashionable boarding-house in the city.'

'And who is this approaching us, that 'walks in beauty like the queen of cloudless climes and starry skies?' She too is lovely.'

'Yes,' said he, laying his hand upon his heart, 'she is a Miss T ———, whose mother also keeps a boarding-house, and she is one of the belles of the city.'

Again I turned, and beheld a sylph-like form mingling in the dance, in which she sported lighter than a zephyr, and was about bartering my heart away through the medium of my friend, when I saw the blood mantle his cheek.

'Stay,' said he, 'she is the daughter of a respectable, nay, fashionable lady, who lives in Broadway, and whose house is the most *recherché* for private boarders in the west.'

'Well?' said I.

'Nay, be done,' exclaimed he; 'let us away.'

'Oh!' said I, 'once more: here — here is Miss G ———, and Miss S ———'

'Oh! they are both, they are *all* living in the same style,' replied he; and so saying, he dropped my arm, and sought refreshment in the ante-room.

I turned and addressed myself to the veriest coquette in the city; flirted with, and flattered her, until I felt my heart beat, and hers evidently began to flutter. When I left her, she gave me a sweet smile — *such* a smile! — oh, I shall never forget it, though it was the smile of one whom I had never seen before, and probably shall never meet again.

In the suburbs of the city, there is an Indian mound, which we visited. It was erected, heaven knows when, or for what purpose. Could it be a retreat from the rising waters? There are hills, half a mile distant, that overlook the moon, and which could not be inundated, except by a second deluge. Could it serve as a burial-place for the tribes who erected it? There is not a single shadow of the remains of any human being, or any appearance that could indicate its ever having been intended as a Golgotha, or place of skulls. We walked over it. The wild beasts of the forest had trodden there before us. We entered it, and traversed its long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, till we almost needed the thread of Ariadne to bring us out. We paused and meditated, as others no doubt had done before us, and felt as if there might be something more there than was dreamed of in our philosophy. What a scene for an antiquary! I was about pencilling in my note-book the thoughts and impressions produced by it, when the appearance of the guide led me to inquire how long he thought these hollow avenues had existed, and what tribe of Indians could have fashioned them. 'Oh,' said he, with great *nonchalance*, 'not long I reckon, I cut 'em myself.' 'Shade of Phidias!' I exclaimed, and hastened homeward, muttering 'curses not loud but deep,' against this shadow of mortality, who could find it in his heart to cheat me of such delightful illusions.

I had now seen all the lions of Cincinnati; had laughed *at* its theatre, slept *in* its churches, smelt of Dorfuel's 'hell,' and gazed at the Picture-Gallery; had visited its Athenæum and Franklin Insti-

tute, and supped at its Bazaar ; had yawned in its schools, and court-rooms, feasted at its hotels and boarding-houses, lounged in its book-stores, and flirted with the ladies. 'And now,' thought I, 'how odd it is that Mad. Trollope should have been dissatisfied and unhappy, and that she should have shaken off the dust of her feet, and in the agony of her heart exclaimed :

'Good Heaven ! deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence !'

To those of moderate expectations, and ordinary ambition, we sincerely recommend to abide in Cincinnati. 'T is the Florence of America for cheap living, and not the least of its attractions is, that while we may find much to interest us — many things to admire, and some to love — we may enjoy all the necessaries of life, and its luxuries, even, and draw our family and friends around us, and seem 'passing rich, with forty pounds a year.'

AN M. D.

BLACK PLUME.

A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.

'A noble race ! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.'

BRYANT.

WHEN dim in shade those meadows lay,
That in the distance stretch away ;
When deer yon river sought in droves,
And of its pleasant waters drank,
Before the tall primeval groves
Receded from the bank ;
On this commanding swell of ground,
That overlooks the scene around,
With his red subjects of the wood,
A sachem dwelt, BLACK PLUME by name,
And bounded through his veins the blood
Of a long line of chiefs of fame.
By nature moulded was his form
To brave the fight or fearful storm,
And vied his high, heroic deeds
In number with the wampum beads
Inwoven with the war-belt tied,
In knot of crimson, at his side.
One arm alone could bend his bow,
With sinews of the big elk strung :
The gory spoils of many a foe
In his bark cabin hung ;
And tufted scalps of conflict spoke,
While drying in the wreathy smoke.

The Black Plume had a gentle child,
A rose-bud blushing in the wild,
Who well could quench the kindling fire
Of rash resentment in her sire,
Or calm by soft, caressing art
The troubled fountains of his heart ;
When sad and weary he came back,
Without one victim from the chase :

Her brow was shaded by the black,
 Long tresses of her race,
 And shone her dark eye like the rill,
 Descending, star-lit, from the hill.
 The wildness of her accents clear
 Accorded with the woodland well,
 And when her soft voice on the ear
 Of haughty Black Plume fell,
 His scar-indented brow would wear
 An aspect unallied to care,
 And smiles, like dawn illumining night,
 His warrior-countenance would light.

One morning in the month of flowers,
 While dew hung twinkling in the bowers,
 The chief took down his bow unstrung,
 And round his ample shoulders flung
 A hunting robe of painted skins —
 Then lacing on his moccasins,
 While nodded haughtily his crest
 Of sable hue, his child addressed :

'How lovingly the mist is twining
 Its blue arms round the mountain,
 While golden-vested day is shining
 On reedy pool and fountain :
 The pleasant winds begin to rouse
 From rest the dark, inwoven boughs,
 And by their murmur seem to chide
 The hunter for his long delay :
 The tangled glen and forest wide
 Shall tribute to my woodcraft pay ;
 The sharp edge of my fatal knife
 Ere night shall rob the bear of life,
 And my long shaft this day shall pierce
 The mountain-wolf, with hunger fierce,
 Or, from his throne of giant rocks,
 The bird of victory shall bring —
 What prouder trophy for thy locks
 Than plumage of his wing ?'

Like one of peril nigh, afraid,
 His trembling daughter answer made :

'Oh, go not forth in quest of game !
 My mother, who hath long been dead,
 In visions of the midnight came,
 And with a warning gesture said,
 'Rose of the Senecas, give ear !
 The foe, the Chippewa, is near !'
 Affrighted by the dream, I woke,
 And felt a wild, foreboding thrill ;
 For, warbled on the solemn oak,
 That shades our lodge, the whip-po-will.
 I sought, a second time, my bed,
 And sleep my pillow visited :
 My long-lost mother came once more,
 And, her thin hand uplifting, said,
 In accents louder than before :
 'Rose of the Senecas, beware !
 The Chippewa has left his lair !'
 I rose with fear oppressed : the east
 Was radiant with the march of morn,
 And bees were busy at their feast,
 In blossoms newly born.'

'Thy bodings, ominous of ill,
 May coward hearts with terror thrill,

But think not, dreamer, to affright
My soul with visions of the night !
The chieftain haughtily replied,
And sought the wood with rapid stride.

Noon passed — but from his forest track
The quivered sachem came not back ;
And when the close of day drew nigh,
And gorgeous grew the western sky,
In dumb expectancy before
The vine-entwisted cabin door
His daughter stood to welcome him,
Emerging from the woodland dim.
With ear intent she waited long
To hear his whistle, or the song
Sung by the people of her race,
Returning homeward from the chase ;
Then hurried like a startled fawn
When arrows to the barb are drawn,
And seeking gray old men, made known
Her many fears, in trembling tone,
And bade them send the runners out
To search the greenwood round about.

Alarm was sounded, and a band,
Acute of glance and strong of hand,
Went sternly forth, for battle drest,
Of their loved Sagamore in quest.
The warriors, after searching well
The deep morass and bosky dell,
Came back with looks downcast in grief,
Bearing the body of their chief.
In his broad bosom stuck the knife,
Red to the handle with his life,
And the long scalp-lock that he wore,
Was stiff with clotted drops of gore.
His bearers felt a mournful pride,
To think not vainly he had died,
For even death could not relax
His grasp upon his battle-axe,
And near the fatal spot were found
Three foemen lifeless on the ground.

THEY buried him : the place is lone,
Where stands his dark memorial stone,
Like some rude watcher of the dead,
In robes of green moss habited,
And shaded by two dwarfish trees,
That wrestle feebly with the breeze.
Amid their boughs are never heard
The low, wild warblings of the bird,
Or the blithe chirp of squirrel black,
When spring, in green apparel clad,
With airs of purity comes back,
To make the broad earth glad :
When summer reigns, with cheek all bloom,
To deck his grave no flower looks up,
Enticing, by its sweet perfume,
The wild bee to its cup.
A few misshapen shrubs, that bear
The whortleberry, rustle there ;
But in my youth I thought ill luck
Would fall on him who dared to pluck,
Though, glittering in morning dew,
Hung temptingly their berries blue.

W. H. C. H.

THE CLERK'S YARN.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE OF THE SEA: IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

EIGHT bells rang merrily out along the decks of a noble corvette, as she dashed gracefully on her way through the long seas and sparkling waves of the Trades, in her course toward the Virgin Islands, whither she was bound on a cruise. A bright sky and a glorious moon were above her; while her white canvass, as it rose pile upon pile, and bellied to the soft, but constant breeze, looked like wreaths of untrodden snow on a mountain's side, in the pale and mellow light.

'My watch on deck!' exclaimed the master's mate of the fore-castle — a tall, raw-boned Virginian, of the old school of midship-men — as he arose, when the first warning stroke of the bell fell on his ear, from three camp-stools, along which he had been stretching himself: 'it's my watch on deck. Hand me my pea-coat, Collins, and pass a chaw o' tobacco; none of your purser's allowance, 'ither. I must relieve the 'old soldier' who has been on post all the dog-watch;' and, suiting the action to the word, he ejected a quid from his mouth, that would have shamed in size the largest paper of Lorillard's fine-cut chewing tobacco, and supplied its place with another of equal dimensions. The master's mate adjusted carefully his pea-coat, and his quid, cast a wistful eye on the pile of hammocks which lay at the foot of the steerage-ladder, waiting to be slung for the night, and, raising a foot, was about to mount to the deck, when the form of the captain's clerk, who sat quietly in a corner, perusing the last page of a French novel, caught his eye.

'Come, Mr. Quills,' said he, 'come on deck, and spend an hour or two with me. You, who get half as much sleep again as one of our ground-tier berths, can easily afford the loss, this glorious night, without any very great sacrifice, 'ither. By-the-by, you promised to relate to me some strange adventure you met with in a merchant-man, and I am now ready to listen to it. I should not be surprised, however, if it contains no more serious incident than the capsizing of the coffee-pot, some morning, and the loss of a breakfast thereby; for I never knew a person who had crossed the Atlantic in a packet-ship, but had seen in a watch all the 'wonders of the deep,' the Psalmist tells us about — such as mountain waves, and the like, with an agreeable sprinkling of mermaids, water-spouts, and sea-serpents; while we poor devils, who spend most of our lives at sea, are perfectly content to think a wave as high as my old grandmother's brick barn, quite a wonder in its way. Come along, though, any how; you'll find me ——'

'At your old post, caulking it under the long-bow-chaser,' squeaked out a sucking mid., of some three month's standing, from the inner edge of the mess-table, where he was engaged in scrawling what he termed 'a letter' to his mother, which, although but half com-

pleted, was already graced with sundry and divers charts of the Black Sea, done in ink.

'Clap a stopper on your red rope, youngster,' retorted the first speaker, 'or I'll flatten in your head-sheets for you. Uncle Sam must be d — ly troubled with his surplus revenue, to waste it upon such hard bargains as you are — who, though you have a finger in every one's mess, muster in nobody's watch. Ah! I see you are writing to your mamma: mind and tell her, while you think of it, that the cook of the larboard mess has used for pudding-bags all the night-caps she stowed away so carefully in her dear boy's trunk, to keep its head from the cold; and that the nasty reefers have docked the tail of the flannel night-gown she made to keep it warm in the West Indies, to make a new suit of rigging for the captain's monkey.'

'I *am* in a watch,' pouted the youngster; 'I'm in Mr. Brace's watch; and mother thought it would be cold here, in winter; and 't was sister who put in the night-gown.'

'One of her own, perhaps,' rejoined the mate, laughing: 'if so —'

'I won't allow you to talk so of my mother and sister,' said the middy, bristling up: 'I'll demand gentlemanly satisfaction of you, Sir — I will —'

'Oh! pray do n't, pet: but since the wind sets so, I'm off — only blessings on the dear old lady's geographical acquirements, any how. Come, Quills.'

'I'll follow in a moment,' said the clerk: 'where shall I find you?'

'On the top-gallant fore-castle, by the fore-mast.' So saying, he mounted the ladder, and disappeared on deck. The clerk soon stowed away the book in his locker, and followed the midshipman.

The night was indeed a lovely one. The seas were sparkling gloriously in the beams of a tropical moon, whose bright rays, streaming through the rigging and spars, chequered the deck in a thousand fantastic forms of light and shade, and glancing upward from the black and polished guns, made her iron battery appear as if cast in molten silver. The constant and fresh breeze of the Trades had lulled every sail to sleep, and they towered aloft against the deep blue sky, till they looked scarcely the size of a pocket-hankerchief, and heaved and and struggled, like the bosom of some fair girl, as though they would burst the envious bonds that restrained their freer play. A few soft and fleecy clouds, such as are only seen in these bright regions, were chasing each other along the fields of ether, and while they had nothing threatening in their aspect, assumed a thousand ever-varying shapes, which delighted the eye, and rendered the scene less monotonous. Ever and anon, clouds of flying fish, startled by the passing ship, would rise from the bosom of the deep, and flutter away far over the waves, with all the gayety of land-birds. And at intervals, a dolphin might be marked, tracing his way through the liquid element, with the speed of an arrow, by the long rocket-like train of phosphorescent light which followed in his wake.

'You are sentimental to-night, Mr. Tackle,' said the clerk to the master's mate, who had not perceived his approach, and was leaning

against the forward-swifter of the fore-rigging, gazing ahead, apparently wrapped in deep thought.

'Devilish little sentiment in me, Mr. Quills; though my subject was tasty enough, for that matter: I was thinking if that d — d monkey, sitting out there on the sprit-sail yard, which played such a cursed trick with my best jacket t' other day, was only a roast goose, well stuffed with potatoës and onions, he and I would soon be on better terms than we are at present. We had pea-soup, you know, for dinner to day, and it's only slops at best; and though I swallowed the standing part of a gallon of it, I feel as empty now as a sailor's purse after a week's cruise ashore.'

'Why, Tackle, in case such a metamorphose should befall the poor monkey, I myself would not object to join your mess, as I do n't relish pea-soup, and made but a slight dinner on it. But I think I heard you give the girls at C — a touch of sentiment when we lay there, fitting for sea.'

'Ay, ay, one's forced to that now and then. Why, they expect it, as a matter of course; and after a cruise in the Tropics, if one could not tell them of spicy breezes, and orange groves, they'd set him down for a green-horn. Now, for my part, though I spun them a yarn, as long as a main-top bowline, about orange groves, full of lovely nymphs, and such boltherdash, I never saw but one grove of the kind, during all my cruising in the West Indies; and the fair damsel it contained was none other than a nigger wench, baking cas-saba bread on an old rusty griddle. She, too, was such a blasted fright, that the first luff's dog, which I had along with me, barked himself into a fit of the croup, at the mere sight of her. I have always thought, however, that the little blue-eyed girl we both admired so much, was quizzing me; for when I found myself hove short, and so tailed on a quotation, she set up a giggle at it.'

'What was it, pray?'

'Why,' said I, 'as the poet says of the arrival of Columbus in the West Indies,

— 'when woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.'

'The devil you did! How the deuce could groves and trees blow over the seas?'

'So thought I, unless it might be in a hurricane; so I corrected myself, and said, 'I mean the leaves from the trees, of course, Miss; but she smiled at that, too; and as there was nothing else to give her but the roots, I stoppered at that, and hauled in for the supper table.'

'My dear fellow, the words are:

'When the land wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.'

'Well, well, 'land wind,' or 'sea breeze,' if you ever catch me prating sentiment or poetry to a woman again, slacken up all my lanyards in a gale of wind, and clap a rocky lee shore close aboard of me. I've no notion of being laughed at every time I foul my hawse, or shiver a little in the wind. But now for the yarn. Who

has the look-out? — ah! I see it is you, Smith. Run down, my good fellow, into the steerage, and bring up a couple of camp-stools. We can sit here, Quills, in the wake of the fore-mast, out of sight of the officer of the deck. Keep a bright look-out, Smith,' said the mate, when the stools were brought, and the companions seated, 'and if you see the officer coming forward, let me know it.'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' was the rejoinder; 'I'll keep an eye on him, and a bright look-out ahead, too.'

'Now, Quills, commence your yarn.'

'I had been,' began the clerk, 'for some three or four years in a counting-house, in New-York, when, one morning, I was called into my employer's private office, by the senior partner of the house, and informed that they were about loading a vessel with arms and munitions of war for the patriots of South America; and as the service required a trustworthy and experienced manager, they had concluded to appoint me supercargo, in case I was willing to accept the berth. I had often listened, with the greatest attention and delight, to romantic stories of the sea, which the masters and mates in my employer's service were in the habit of recounting, and had long anxiously looked forward to the period when my lucky stars would present such an opportunity for gratifying my ardent desire to see the world. As you may imagine, I embraced the offer without hesitation, and set about preparing myself for the voyage.'

'The vessel destined for the business, was a whacking brig, that had been built during the war, for a privateer, and pierced originally for eighteen guns. With great length and breadth of beam, she was remarkably sharp; had long raking masts, and a low hull; and sailed so fast, that, to use an expression of her captain, 'it was necessary to heave her to, now and then, to cool the rudder irons.' In those days, the West Indies swarmed with pirates; and as our cargo was valuable, we were armed with six guns, and carried a crew of eighteen men, to meet any attack those desperate marauders might make upon us. Our destination was the island of Curacoa, where the patriot privateers were in the habit of rendezvousing, to replenish their stores and sell their prizes. In the course of a week, we were loaded, and had sailed. Although miserably sea-sick, for the first two or three days, I shall never forget the emotions of awe and delight with which I was filled by the tumbling, boundless, and lonely sea. 'Here,' thought I, 'man is indeed free. Here are no bounds, no walls, no enclosures, to restrain him. No lords of the soil are here, to claim territory and to exclude his neighbors — no roads, no paths, to mark the route. No one is in the way of another; there is ample room and space for all.'

'We were running rapidly on our course, and had entered far into the latitude of the West India islands, when early one morning, the cry of '*Wreck, ho!*' from a man who had been sent aloft, on the top-gallant yard, to overhaul some of the steering sail gear, attracted the attention of every one, fore and aft, even to the old black cook, who issued from the galley, with a pan of ham and eggs in his hand, and became so absorbed in the interest of the scene, that some of the tars, possessed of more appetite than curiosity, lightened the dish of its savory contents, and afforded us a hearty laugh at poor Cuffee's

expense, who had not perceived the act, and expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the unaccountable disappearance of the skipper's breakfast.

'My interest became painfully wrought up, as we drew nearer the shorn hulk, which lay helpless, and apparently tenantless, in the trough of the sea; for of all objects of desolation and distress, none can present a more forlorn spectacle to my eye, or induce so sad a train of reflection, as a wreck at sea — unguided, and alone. She was a large ship, her masts gone by the board, and remnants of rigging hanging over the side, here and there, in such a careless manner, as seemed to indicate that no attempt had been made to repair the damages done her. The bulwark planking was torn off in several places from the staunchions; and her stern-boat, staved, hung from the davitts by but one fall.

'The pirates have been here at work, and be d — d to 'em,' said the captain, who had been for some minutes intently reconnoitering her. 'Man the boat,' he added, turning to the chief mate; 'perhaps some poor fellow still survives on board. I have known men to escape, by concealing themselves until the incarnate devils had left their prey.'

'The jolly boat was instantly lowered, and I, with the chief mate, jumped into her, while the brig was hove to, a little to windward. In a few moments we were alongside the ship, and by the aid of the remnants of rigging, clambered easily upon deck, which was hardly reached, when a dog rushed out of the hurricane-house, with a fierce bark at first, and then with a piteous whine, came cringing and wagging his tail, up to me. But oh, Tackle! what a dreadful spectacle that deck presented! Gouts and dried puddles of blood almost covered it, and lay festering and putrefying in the sun and wind, sending forth a most intolerable odor. A death-like chill came over me, as I gazed around with horror; and I thought the very fountains of life would have curdled within me, as my mind glanced hastily at the retrospect. Pieces of human flesh, and hair matted in gore, were sticking to many places, and fragments of torn garments, some of them female, fluttered here and there. The hatches were all off, while broken boxes, torn and opened letters, and pieces of rich goods, thickly scattered around, certified, that the vessel had been thoroughly ransacked, and plundered of every thing valuable.

'As the dog, by his motions, seemed to beckon us toward the hurricane-house, we entered together, while some of the boat's crew descended into the hold, to see if any one was concealed there. As I stepped in, I perceived a man seated in a chair, with his face partially turned from me, leaning over a cot which swung from the beams over head, and which appeared to contain a human form. Before advancing farther in, I called to him, but received no answer: I called again, yet louder; still no reply, nor was any motion of any kind elicited. Thinking that he might be dead, although his position did not warrant the conclusion, I advanced to the opposite side of the cot, and faced him. As I approached, he raised his head, and gazing wildly in my face, cried:

'Ay! ay! murder me now, and I will thank you for the blow!'

'I come not to murder, but to save you, my friend,' said I; 'but who have you here?'

'I glanced my eye toward the figure on the cot. It was the form of a fair and exceedingly delicate girl, apparently scarce out of her teens; but the eyes were sealed in death, and gleamed from the unclosed lids with a glazed and waxy glare. The face was not strikingly handsome, for the lower lip pouted, and would have given a cross expression to the countenance, had not the defect been redeemed by a milder turn in the rest of the features, which wore that earnest, endearing look, which alone renders some women attractive. Her chestnut tresses were tangled about her face, and fell in loose ringlets over her snowy shoulders and bosom, and stains of blood were on the pillow. She seemed wasted, like one far gone in the consumption; and when I became cooler, and my senses more acute, I perceived that 'decay's effacing fingers' were already at work upon her.

'My friend,' said I, addressing her companion, who had assumed his former besotted expression, 'who are you? — what ship is this? — and how came you in this sad plight?'

'To these questions he made no reply, but buried his face in his hands, and groaned deeply.

'Come, come,' said the mate — who, though a rough, was a kind-hearted man — laying a hand on his shoulder, 'troubles that can't be cured must be endured; and we who go to sea, God knows, have our share of 'em. Our skipper has got some prime old New-England aboard; 't will raise your spirits. You shall have some of it.'

'The mate's rough attempt at consolation failed in its effect, however; and I thereupon proposed calling some of the crew into the cabin, to sew up the deceased in her cot, and bury her, before removing the survivor to our brig. The mate called two of the sailors, and set them at work to lash her up. So soon as they commenced, the stranger threw himself upon the body, and with tears streaming down his wan cheeks, cried out, in a voice of agony:

'Oh don't take her away from me! — don't hurt her! — she can be of no use to you now — she's dead! — her parents are dead! — she said she'd be mine!' And then suddenly raising himself, he added, with a furious look: 'Hands off, villain!' and aimed a blow at the mate, which weak as he was, would inevitably have felled him to the deck, had not one of the sailors observed the intention, and arrested his arm in time to avert the stroke.

'Take him out,' said the mate; 'there is no use in keeping him here any longer. The man's mad.'

'No, no! do n't take me out! I will *not* go hence! Dearest Ann — stop!' he said, passing his hand across his forehead, and seeming to collect his faculties; 'let me give her but one kiss, and then take me where you will.'

'He approached the corpse, bent down, and impressed one long impassioned kiss on the shrivelled lips, and turning wildly around, left the cabin.

'The preparations were soon completed; and having taken the precaution to cut off a lock of her hair, we were about passing her out of the cabin, to launch her overboard, when one of the sailors suggested that it might be as well to leave her where she was, and

to set the hull on fire; for some vessel might be injured, or sunk, by running into her in the night, and she could not be got into port without the greatest trouble; while, if the corpse were thrown into the sea, the sharks would get it before ten minutes had elapsed.

'The advice appeared judicious; and after hailing the brig, to obtain the captain's permission, we hastily collected a few articles, and having fired the hulk in two or three places, returned on board with the dog, and the unfortunate survivor, who allowed himself to be placed in the boat without saying a word, or making the slightest resistance. Heavy columns of smoke rising, for the greater part of the day, far astern of us, indicated the position of the burning ship; and painfully sad and acute were my feelings, when my mind reverted to the deserted girl, and her gleaming, ocean-rocked funeral pile.

'The remainder of our voyage was prosperous, and marked by the occurrence of no new adventure. The captain, mate, and myself endeavored, by all the means in our power, and by every show of kindness, to restore the spirits of our new passenger; and we were at last successful enough to remove in a great degree the abstraction of mind in which he was at first wrapped; though a deep melancholy still hung over him, which all our efforts were in vain exerted to dispel. He spoke but seldom, and then only in reply to questions put to him by one or other of us; and as he never adverted to his former history, delicacy forbade our hinting at the subject, although our curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch.

'We were delayed for some weeks in Curacao, in disposing of our cargo, and obtaining a new one, during which time, by unremitted attention and constant association, I had in a great measure won the stranger's confidence. As he became more communicative, he displayed in mind and manners all the polish of the gentleman. We were again at sea, and nearly in the same place where a few weeks before we had fallen in with the plundered ship, when the stranger suddenly broke the thread of some desultory discourse which he had been maintaining with me, as we sat together on the sky-light, by remarking:

'It was hereabout, my kind friend, that we first met. Here you found me in an awful situation indeed;' and his brow darkened as he spoke; 'you saved my life, too; but I now set so little value upon it, that I know not whether to thank you or not for the deed.'

'I deserve not your thanks,' said I, 'for I risked nothing in your behalf.'

'That may be true,' he interposed, 'that may be true; but few however, would have borne with my wayward humors, and exerted themselves to restore me to myself, as you have done, and I only regret that it does not lie in my power to make you a suitable return.' 'I have observed,' he continued, 'your curiosity to learn my adventures, and would have gratified it long since, but my mind shrank from the mere contemplation; and I felt how hard a task it would prove to relate them.'

'In case you had done it,' said I, 'you should, at any rate, have had my sympathies in your misfortunes, and such consolation as I was able to offer.'

"Some minds," he replied, "derive more pleasure from the play of their own sympathies, than from those of their friends, which are apt to be mingled with too great a spice of idle curiosity; and perhaps such is the case with my own. You shall hear my misfortunes, however, and then you will be better able to judge, whether, as they arose in part from my own indiscretions, they do or do not merit your sympathy."

'APPLES OF SODOM.'

'T is said that on the blackened shore
Of that dull lake that slumbereth
Where guilty Sodom stood of yore,
Ere whelmed beneath her fiery death,
A tree of stunted growth is found,
Shading the dun, sulphureous ground,
Whose fruit with colors fair and bright
Attracts the thirsty traveller's sight,
And gives him hope of richer draught
Than lip of luxury e'er quaffed:
Eager he grasps the tempting prize —
Eager divides the glowing rind;
Alas! he loathes with bitter sighs
The store his cheated senses find;
Hope promised nectar — but disgust
Presents him cinders — sulphur — dust!

Can such deceitful tree alone
By the Dead Sea's dark shores be shown?
Ah! earth hath many a spot beside,
With such delusive fruit supplied;
So soft to touch, so fair to sight,
That man its treasures seeks to win,
And finds the vesture of delight
Holds but a skeleton within.

Behold the tree Ambition rears —
How fair its topmost bough appears!
How, as it waveth to and fro,
In gales which fame and fortune blow,
Its golden apples flash and glow,
In hope's undimmed meridian sun,
Dazzling the eyes of him below,
Who deems the prize might well be won:
He girds him for the long ascent,
And branch and bough and limb are bent,
As, straining to the giddy height,
He keeps the treasure still in sight,
Till to his panting lip is prest
The fruit by hope so richly drest.

And is there that within to pay
The toil and peril of the way?
Doth nectar from its covering burst,
To slake his hot, impatient thirst?
No! that which seemed below so fair,
Hath many a thorn implanted there,
And nought the wounded hand can press
From that rough rind, but bitterness.

Behold the graceful tree which grows
Above the bower of Love's repose!

The sportive sunbeams, flickering through
 Its dancing leaves and clustering fruit,
 Tinged with a soft, empurpled hue,
 Mix with warm shadows at its root,
 And form a dim, luxurious shade,
 As for unbroken rapture made.
 And will those glowing clusters keep
 Their lovely promise to the eye?
 Or shall the cheated gatherer weep
 The touch of cold reality?
 Those clusters crushed, to brain and heart,
 A maddening rapture will impart,
 Which must subside, and heart and brain
 Will calmly feel and think again,
 Yet feel and think that hope hath been
 Beguiled and dazzled by the sheen
 Of fruits which glorious promise made
 Of bliss unmingled, undecayed.

Behold the tree of Wealth, which spreads
 A thousand branches far around,
 Each, like the banyan, weaving threads
 For future roots to clasp the ground.
 Lo! how it flashes on the sight
 With golden fruit, so rich and bright,
 That Atalanta's self might stay
 To pluck at least one branch away:
 Each breeze that sways the loaded limb,
 Bears through the vistas long and dim
 Soft-ringing music and faint wail,
 Like golden bells in fairy tale;
 And eye and ear the influence feel,
 Till the heart dreams that bliss must flow
 From that which offers to unseal
 Each treasured wish that man can know.
 And pain and labor, day by day,
 Will man endure, to bear away
 Those fruits, which to his upturned eye
 Blaze with unmingled brilliancy.

The prize is gained — the golden skin
 Severed, and what appears within?
 The taint of care, the seeds of pain,
 The blackened core of selfishness,
 The draught that wakens thirst again,
 The opiate sleep will never bless:
 And more — the bitter drop of fear
 That speaks of evil ever near.
 Not all is sweet that seemeth fair,
 Not all that richly glitters, gold;
 The softest rose a thorn may bear,
 The goodliest fruit a worm enfold.

There is one tree of fairer fruit
 Than Love, Ambition, Wealth can show;
 A tree whose wide, heav'n-planted root
 Nor storm nor whirlwind can o'erthrow;
 Its root Religion, pure and true —
 Its stem is Virtue — and the dew
 That bathes its branches comes from God,
 And gives them strength to spread abroad,
 Till in their mighty shadows rise
 All charities of social ties;
 All fadeless flowers of brightest hope,
 All duties in their widest scope:
 No eye such glorious fruit hath seen
 As that which hangs abundant there,
 Yet with the richness hid within,
 No other richness can compare:

The heart hath not a secret pain
Which that blessed fruit may not restrain;
No grief, no passion, and no pang,
No secret care with venom'd fang,
Which may not find relief or cure
From fruit so precious and so pure.

Pluck thou that fruit, nor fear to taste —
Thy fiercest thirst its juice can slake;
For all — rich, mighty, or abased —
Its treasures hang — may all partake!

Dorchester, February, 1837.

J. H. C.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF 'AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

NUMBER ONE.

THE PARVENUS.

'THE Giblets were seen here and there and every where: they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed and smothered and parboiled at nightly balls and evening tea-parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed; they turned up their noses at every thing that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.'

SALMAGUNDI.

'ALICE,' said Mary Liston to her sister, 'I have most delightful news to tell you. Dr. Penrose has been to see ma, and says that a trip to the Springs will do her more good than all his medicines. He recommended the White Sulphur, but Saratoga is to be the fashionable resort this summer, and I want your assistance in persuading pa to take the northern tour, as I believe that one watering place will do as well as another for ma, for you know she is only nervous.'

'Indeed, my dear sister,' said Alice, 'I cannot do this, for if Dr. Penrose thinks that the White Sulphur will be more beneficial to ma's health, we should surely consult this, rather than our own gratification.'

'Nonsense! — a fig for Dr. Penrose!' exclaimed Mary; that is just like you, Alice; you seem determined to cross my wishes in every thing. But my heart is fixed on going to Saratoga, and I am determined to carry the point, in despite of all opposition.'

Mary Liston was the beauty and the favorite, and her easily-governed parents seldom denied her requests. As soon as one of her plans had succeeded, she brought forward another, which was, to take their new equipage with them, that they might pass among strangers for persons of wealth and consequence. Mr. Liston, although a foolishly-indulgent father, was a plain old man, and instead of studiously concealing his humble origin, made it a frequent subject of boasting, that he owed his fortune to his own exertions, and that he had risen from the poor orphan apprentice of a watch-maker and jeweller, to the high station he then held among merchants and bankers. With the strictest economy, and the closest management in business, he united the most lavish expenditure upon his family:

and he gratified Mary by consenting to purchase a carriage in New-York, for their use while at Saratoga, of which she should make choice. This amendment was as agreeable to her as the original scheme. In gaining this point, she found an able ally in her mother, who was soon won over by her daughter's powerful argument, that a display of wealth was the surest means of securing a splendid alliance. Having put her dearest wishes in a fair train for their fulfilment, her next step was to school her old father into the requisite gentility of manner.

'Mind, pa,' she said, 'you must never speak of the time when you were a watch-maker, for people of fashion will look on us with contempt, if you do, and you will ruin our prospects.'

'If there is any danger of injuring my daughters, in any one's estimation, by talking about it, I will not, if I can help it; but I cannot understand why a man should try to hide that which ought to be a source of pride to him; and I own it will be difficult for me to hold my tongue, when I see some whipper-snapper dandy of fortune, who has never earned a dollar in his life, turning up his nose at honest and industrious men, the producers of their own wealth, because he has been living in idleness on the hoards that his father or grandfather left him.'

'But, pa, it is not genteel to acknowledge you have been a mechanic, for you know they are considered among the dregs of society.'

'The 'dregs of society,' indeed! Show me a fashionable family in our city, whose father or grandfather has not handled a tool, of some kind or another! Why, child, no one thought less of old Ben. Franklin, because he was a printer, or of Roger Sherman, on account of his being a shoe-maker. Those were glorious old times, when men were more respected for their character than their calling. But the world is strangely altered, I confess; and I suppose honest John Liston must go with the tide.'

Mary Liston and her mother were characteristic specimens of a class that is, unfortunately, a very numerous one in most of our commercial cities — those whose newly-acquired wealth is ostentatiously displayed, as a means of elevating them into 'good society.' The most cherished wish of Mrs. Liston's heart, was to see her daughters take a high stand in the fashionable world, and her first step was to place them at a school where the rank of the pupils was more carefully inquired into than the capability of their instructors. She charged them to cultivate the acquaintance of those who would be of greatest advantage to them in future. Alice followed the *letter* of her mother's instructions; for her friends were chosen among the intelligent and the virtuous, without any regard to their wealth or fashion. But Mary was quickly initiated into their *spirit* — for, with the skill of a courtier, she soon ingratiated herself into the favor of those whose parents belonged to the highest circles of society. But when the important period of her 'coming out' had arrived, she met with many disappointments. A few who still felt something of their school-friendship toward her, occasionally returned her visits; but she was often fated to meet the 'cut direct,' or the distant bow of unwilling recognition, from those whose acquaintance she was most

desirous of retaining. The mother and the daughter were not easily repelled; and with an energy and perseverance worthy a better cause, they continued to repeat their advances, in despite of repulsion, until they at last gained quiet possession of the outworks of that citadel they had so long been besieging. Though Mrs. Liston endeavoured to shake off all her old friends, whose presence was a continual memento of her former obscurity, yet some of them possessed a pertinacity equal to her own; and it was quite amusing to see the variety of characters who sometimes happened to meet in her drawing-room as morning visitors. The annoying fact that Mrs. C — had met Mrs. B —, was frequently a source of as much vexation to them, as it was a subject of ridicule to those who had so lately admitted them into their society.

When the Listons arrived at New-York, Mary was delighted with every thing she saw. The dashing equipages — the crowds of stylish women and foreign-looking coxcombs that thronged the fashionable promenades — the display of wealth in the lofty mansions, with their richly-furnished drawing-rooms — so completely fascinated her, that she was anxious to prolong their stay far beyond the time fixed on for their departure to Saratoga. But with the retiring Alice, the bustle and gayety of the city made her often sigh for the rural quiet and the green fields of Arlington, her father's summer residence. Her refined tastes and intellectual pursuits were so opposite to the enjoyments and pleasures of her fashionable mother and sister, that they thought her a strange being, and feared that she would never be a credit to their family.

Mary was fully compensated for leaving New-York, when she found among the visitors at Saratoga several titled Europeans. She looked on them with reverence, as beings of a superior order; and her happiness was complete, when she afterward received a formal introduction to the Count de — and Don Alonzo —. Their imperfectly-pronounced English was music to her ear, and their words of idle gallantry were favorably interpreted as proofs of an awakening attachment. Bright visions of foreign courts began to float before her fancy, and she pictured herself as a newly-admitted member of their polished circles, with the alluring title of countess or donna. But she was soon after destined to find a powerful rival to the favor of the count, in a school acquaintance, Emily Courtney, who, with her parents and sister, arrived at the Springs a few days after the Listons.

Mary was seated beside a lately acquired friend from New-York, when the Courtneys first entered the drawing-room. Sophia, the younger sister, advanced toward her with a friendly familiarity, which was hastily repulsed, by a cold and distant salutation. Her fashionable friend noticed her manner, and as soon as the warm-hearted Sophia had left them, she said: 'They are from your own city, I believe; who are they?'

'They belong to our class of *parvenus*,' replied Mary, 'and have presumed upon their school acquaintance, I suppose, for we have never visited them. Their father was a tobacconist, and accumulated a large fortune by retailing snuff and segars. He has lately built a new front, and added an additional story, to his dwelling, and has

even set up a carriage, with servants in livery. It is ludicrous to see the airs of his family, for from their display, a stranger might mistake them for persons of consequence.'

Upon the same day on which the Courtneys made their appearance at Saratoga, an invalid mother and daughter came as visitors to the Springs, for the reestablishment of their health. They were very plainly attired, and had no gentlemen with them, as escorts. And when the usual inquiry was made among the groups of fashionable idlers, Mary and her friend remarked 'that, from the appearance they made, they of course could be nobody.' Both the young lady and her mother formed a perfect contrast to Emily Courtney and Mary Liston, the two representatives of their respective families. The graceful ease and simplicity of their manners, so different from the hauteur and affected gentility of the would-be fashionable, the quiet courtesy with which they answered the inquiries of the most humble in that mixed assemblage, showed to those who were capable of judging, that they were persons of the highest refinement, and the best society. But with the '*nouveau riche*,' their unpretending and almost unfashionable style of dress, and the absence of every thing like a display of wealth, or of self-importance, was a sufficient evidence of their want of consequence.

The interesting daughter, fearing that her mother was faint from the fatigue of travelling, advanced toward Mary, to request the loan of her richly-jewelled *vinaigrette*, which she was rather ostentatiously displaying. She of course could not refuse it, but it was tendered with as much rudeness as could be made consistent with her wish to act the fine lady.

The simple loan was gracefully acknowledged, but the manner in which it was granted, escaped the notice of the lovely girl, whose anxiety for her mother prevented her from observing it. As soon as she had turned from Miss Liston and her friend, the former observed, with a contemptuous smile: 'I suppose it is the first time she has handled diamonds.'

This remark was overheard by an elderly lady, sitting near them, and turning to Mary, she said:

'It is quite possible, young lady, that a grand-daughter of—— may not be able to appreciate their cost or their value so well as the daughter of a watch-maker and jeweller—but it is probable, that she has both seen and worn more than ever sparkled in your father's case.'

Poor Mary was so overwhelmed by this unexpected rebuke, and by the altered bearing of her New-York friend, that she could say nothing in reply. She thought, and truly too, that the Courtneys were the source from whence the old lady's information was derived, and her rival, Emily, became more an object of hatred than ever.

The beauty and accomplishments of Emily Courtney so fascinated the count, that he soon became a declared and accepted lover. Mary Liston then turned all her schemes of conquest upon the whiskered don, and every day tended to confirm her hopes of success.

The self-styled don had been the private secretary of a nobleman, high in favor at the Spanish court. Ambitious and designing, as well as avaricious and unprincipled, he scrupled at no means, how-

ever villainous or dishonorable, by which he could hope to add to his rank or his fortune. He became the willing tool of his depraved master, and at last committed an act at his instigation, which made his immediate departure from the country the only means of safety for himself and his patron. Before it was discovered, the nobleman procured him a lucrative foreign appointment, as the reward of his villany. Finding his income insufficient for the extravagant vices and habits in which he indulged, he was anxious to add to it by a wealthy alliance, and also to provide for his anticipated dismissal from his situation. Mary Liston was the first golden opportunity thrown in his way by fortune. He saw she could be easily secured, but he knew that 'all is not gold that glitters,' and wished to make, in this case, 'assurance doubly sure.'

At a brilliant ball, given at a fashionable hotel, Emily Courtney and Mary Liston were the rival belles of the evening. In one of the intervals between the dance and the waltz, Emily, with her lover, the count, and two or three others, were engaged in an animated discussion upon the various styles of female beauty. Among the group, was the quondam friend of Mary Liston, who had carefully avoided all intercourse with her, since she received the startling information of her obscure origin. A gentleman who stood beside her, addressing himself to Emily, said :

'Your city, Miss Courtney, has long been famed for the beauty of its women; and its celebrity has been justly won, if one may judge from its present representatives. Miss Liston is certainly a lovely creature, and if it would not be trespassing on your kindness, you would render me your debtor, by requesting the favor of an introduction to her.'

Emily bowed haughtily, and replied : 'You will be under the necessity of applying to the lady next to you; for Miss Liston's name is not admitted upon my visiting-list. I have never had the *honor* of meeting her among my acquaintance; but the frequent attempts of her family to get into society, have given them, at least, notoriety — of a kind, however, not very enviable.'

How ludicrous and how inconsistent are the claims of distinction in our mongrel society ! We have often heard two families, of equal standing, thus speak of each other; and those who are most dubious of their own right of place, generally express most contempt for those whose equality they must feel, while they scorn to acknowledge it.

It was during the evening of the ball, that Mary Liston's hopes met with final success. The don, in promenading through the room, overheard the following conversation between two fashionable foplings.

'What has brought you to the Springs, this summer, Horace?' said one to the other: 'have you come here to mend your health?'

'Ah no ! Fred., 't is from a cause more lamentable than that : it is with the hope of mending my condition; for my purse has fallen into a distressing marasmus. My old uncle has just died, and cut me off without a shilling. The old fellow showed me his will, a year or two ago, in which he had left me his sole heir. And when, in a dangerous illness, last winter, he was thought to be dying, I

was so overjoyed at the thought of coming into immediate possession of such a fortune, as my own had nearly dwindled away, that I took three or four of my friends to a hotel, to treat them, in return for their hearty congratulations. We had a high carousal, I assure you; but as ill luck would have it, the decrepid old wretch sprang up again into second youth, like a Phœnix, and upon hearing of my frolic, from some kind friend or other, he threw his will into the fire, and made another, bequeathing his untold hoards to some charitable institution. But 'begone dull care!' I am as merry a dog as ever, in despite of this mischance. You have been here long enough, Fred., to spy out the land; can you tell me where is the finest chance for a profitable speculation?

'Such chances are very scarce, Horace; but there *are* two or three, that are at least worth trying for. There is an old Liston here, said to be worth a plum, and he has but two children, and both daughters; so you can have two birds to aim at, which you know, by all gamesters, is considered to offer a greater certainty of success than where there is but one.'

'But this plum — is the title good?' asked Horace.

'Indisputably so,' replied his friend: 'I have had it from the best authority. And the old man looks quite apoplectic.'

'Ha! this is best of all — for I do not like to wait long for dead men's shoes. I have had enough of that.'

The don was quite enraptured by the information he had overheard, and sought an early opportunity to offer himself to the acceptance of Mary Liston. This was soon found, and before the gay assembly had dispersed, Mary was triumphing in the proud thought of having secured a titled foreigner for her future husband.

The gentle and retiring Alice was also being wooed and won, to the surprise of her family, who had always looked upon her as being destined for an old maid. The bustle and gayety of Saratoga had so few charms for her, that she endeavored to absent herself from them, and spent most of her time in the solitude of her own room. She at last had the happiness of finding a congenial companion in a young lady, who was an invalid. A warm friendship soon sprang into greenness and beauty, between two young creatures whose tastes and pursuits were so nearly assimilated, and so different from the gay crowd around them. The friend of Alice had an only brother, to whom she was fondly attached. He arrived at Saratoga a short time after their intimacy commenced. The favorite theme of Helen Stanley, when talking to Edward, was her dear Alice — her kindness to her in sickness — her attention to her every wish — the virtues of her heart, and the graces of her highly cultivated mind. Edward Stanley felt grateful to Alice for all that she had been to his sister, and the respect and esteem which her character awakened in his heart, after becoming acquainted with her, soon deepened into a devoted attachment.

A few days previous to the time fixed on for the departure of the Listons from Saratoga, Edward revealed the state of his feelings toward Alice, and requested permission to ask her father's consent to their engagement. He told her that his situation would not justify an immediate union, but his prospects of success in his profession

were flattering, and that he hoped in a few years to claim her as his bride, if he should be so happy as to find his proposals sanctioned by her parents.

Mrs. Liston and Mary were indignant when they heard of it, and told Alice it was mortifying to them to think of her thus lowering herself, by entering into an engagement with a poor physician, whose only support was to be derived from his profession. But their opposition, in this instance, had no effect on Mr. Liston, and he said that as he had permitted them to have their own way in choosing a Spaniard as his future son-in-law, he was determined that Alice should make her own selection. The various testimonials that he had received of the character and high standing of Edward Stanley, so fully met his approval, that he gave a free consent to their future union.

The marriage of Mary Liston with Don —, which took place soon after their return, created quite a sensation. Mrs. Liston and the donna had the gratification of finding that this union with a titled foreigner placed them at once among the *élite* of society, and Mary had also the additional satisfaction of a complete triumph over her former rival; for the volatile count had forgotten his engagement with Emily Courtney a few weeks after her departure from Saratoga. His heart was like a mirror, for it only bore the image of the beauty before him, and a new face quickly filled up the space that Emily had left.

The don and his beautiful bride were the favorite subjects of conversation in the fashionable world; and nothing could exceed the continual gayety and the extravagant display in which the first year of their marriage was passed. All seemed delighted to honor them, and their presence was considered quite an enviable accession to any assemblage.

But their splendid career was as short as it was brilliant; for as soon as the villanous act which had induced the don to leave his country, was traced to him as its perpetrator, an order was despatched from the government, depriving him of his appointment, and proclaiming his real station and character. His former patron suffered the fate he deserved, and his tool owed his safety to his obscurity. As soon as the news reached America, he was suddenly deposed from the assumed rank of a Spanish grandee, to the son of a Castilian cobbler, and a dependant on his father-in-law, old John Liston. In the midst of the mortification under which Mary and her mother were writhing, Alice received a letter from Edward Stanley, informing her that he had entered into a lucrative partnership with an old physician, whose ill health obliged him to relinquish most of his practice, and requesting her to name an early day for their union. A few weeks after the receipt of this letter, Alice, attired in a plain travelling habit, was united to the one she had so wisely chosen, and accompanied by her husband and his sister, took her departure for her adopted home, where she was to enter into the calm, hearth-side enjoyments of domestic life.

The unhappy Mary's chagrin and discomfiture were as complete as had been her brilliant triumph, and she shrank from her former gay associates, and became a prey to discontent and ill humor. The

quondam don soon found his level in a company of low gamblers, and ceased to give his wife even the semblance of attention. This, however, was no deprivation to her, for he had become as much an object of her loathing as he once was of her pride. Honest John Liston would have turned him from his house, but for the intercession of Mary and her mother, who, for the sake of appearances, were willing to retain him as an inmate.

About a year after the marriage of Alice, her father was reading with tears of joy one of her affectionate letters, he had just received, in which she was describing the beauty and infantile graces of his little namesake, John Liston Stanley. While it was still lying open before him, a gentleman came into the counting-room and presented him a draft for a large amount, upon which his own signature was endorsed. The first glance was sufficient to pronounce it a forgery, and with the energy and perseverance of a much younger man, he started to trace it to its source. He was successful; but to his dismay, he found the forger to be his son-in-law — the husband of his Mary! For the sake of his unfortunate daughter, he determined to pay the note, hoping by this means to conceal his villany from the world, but resolving that he should no longer remain under his roof.

He hastened to his home, with the forged draft in his hand. As soon as he saw his wife, he bitterly exclaimed: 'See the wretched effects of your craving ambition! The husband of our Mary is a forger and a villain. To save her from the mortification of his public exposure, I will pay this draft, though it will nearly ruin me. But wife! wife! we are both justly punished. I threw no check on your aspiring notions, for I too was pleased with the world's hollow flatteries. Mary was our pride and our cherished idol, but she is miserably thrown away on the scape-gallows son of a Spanish cobler, while our once neglected Alice is the happy and respected wife of an American husband — a high-minded and honorable man, whom, as a son or a son-in-law, the proudest in the land might feel prouder to own.'

G.

STANZAS.

Oh! what is the gain of restless care,
And what is Ambition's treasure,
And what are the joys that worldlings share,
In their haunts of sickly pleasure?
The shade with its silence — oh! is it not sweet,
And to lie in the sun by the fountain,
And the wild flower's scent at eve to meet,
And to rove o'er the plain and the mountain?

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,
The violet mark'd as 't is springing,
The zephyr heard as at eve it sighs,
The blackbird loved for its singing!
Oh! there alone can the heart be gay,
The thought be free from sorrow,
And soft the night and short the day,
And welcome again the morrow.

W. S.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

'VOILA, mes frères, à quoi se termineront enfin les desirs, les espérances, les conseils, et les enterprises des hommes : voilà ou viendront enfin échouer les vaines réflexions des sages et des esprits forts, les doutes et les incertitudes éternelles des incrédules, les vastes projets des conquérans, les monumens de la gloire humaine, les soirs de l'ambition, les distinctions des talens, les inquiétudes de la fortune, la prospérité des empires et toutes les revolutions frivoles de la terre !' MASSILLON.

And this is then the region of the dead !
This paradisaal garden of sweet sounds,
Fragrance, and gentle hues, and warmest sunshine,
Is but th' unenvied heritage of the dead —
Of the dull forms, who, with closed eyes, and hearts
That wear no consciousness, come to lie down
In sternest silence here : to know no touch
Of Nature's joy — to taste no proffered gift
From her magnificent hand — to drink
Less warmth from every kindly ray of heaven,
Than the insensate marble of their tombs !

Here mortal eye finds the pale king of shades
Reclined 'mid sunniest forms of life and joyance.
Here fair flowers bloom — th' accacia and the vine,
With their soft buds, and dark umbrageous trees
Shine on their glossy robes of green perennial :
Here myriad birds, in measured roundels, make
Music of all the air, and insects rise,
Inebriate with life, on their light wings,
Dancing along the margin of the rill,
Where the west winds, with new-rose odors laden,
Crisp the cool lapsing waves. Yet can all this —
The touching harmony of natural things,
And quarried marble into sculpture wrought
By the skilled master-hand — e'er make the grave
A place of coveted beauty ? Can they clothe
In winning smiles the lineaments of death ?
Or change his withering bosom to a spot
Where the warm-throbbing heart would yearn to rest ?

And yet a something of strange loveliness
Should mark the place where earth's fond children come
To sleep within her all-embracing arms ;
Where age arrives at last, with faltering step,
His pilgrimage to close, and manhood rests,
Slaking the hectic fever of the heart
In cool Lethean waves — where youth is lured
From the rude conflicts of the noisy world,
And infancy, a bird of sunnier climes,
Has, nestling, found a calm and genial home.
'Tis a luxurious couch, fanned with spiced air,
And with rich concert of sweet voices lulled.
Would these serenely-slumbering dead exchange
Their quiet pillows here, once more to sport
With life's thrice-gilded toys ? Should some bold arm,
Strong as the weird Arabian's, who called forth
Th' enmarbled city to re-breathing life,
Now disenchant these cold insensate forms,
Wrench from the grave the vassals of his realm,
And their Promethean spark relume, would they,
Rejoicing on their way, go to re-tread
The labyrinthine vistas of the world,
React their part of hopes and fears, and all
Th' ingenious tricks that busy mortals play,

Nor cast one wistful glance to this green earth,
The kind indulgent mother, cradling them
To deep repose?

But is this such deep rest?
In this long sleep of death 'what dreams' have come!
We know these hearts are hushed — these clayey forms
Resolved once more to dust — but in what scene,
In what strange scene, remote beyond the reach
Of narrow-rounded mortal ken, dwells now
Th' undying spirit — the heaven-ignited light —
Th' incorporeal essence of the human thought?
Roams it along those rich Elysian fields
Of amaranthine flowers and golden fruit
Eterne — the dream of old? — or restlessly
Extravagant and pale, revisiteth it
The homes familiar to its days of nature,
Lapt in mysterious visible being, through which
Gleam midnight stars, yet in deep winds unmoved,
So thin yet strong, shaking the living heart
With dread imaginings? or doth it pass
In glory clothed from orb to orb afar,
Winging the empyreal way harmoniously,
With flights of radiant angels hand in hand?

Tell us, ye dead! open your ice-bound lips,
And tell the living of their coming doom!
By the strong tie that binds us — ye who once
Sojourned in clay, fashioned as these our forms,
And trod with us upon our common earth,
Bearing our weakness, strength, and shaded fears,
And every working of humanity,
And we who shall go down, your fellow-dust,
To the dark confines of your charnel-house —
Tell us of that strange home! The mysteries
That veil our dread hereafter-state, unfold!
Say, doth it shape our wildest dreams of bliss,
Or in annihilation's nothingness
Mock shrinking man's less harrowing conceits?

Is there no voice? A thousand lips are here,
And not one answering voice to our deep call!
The dead are mute: but in the living heart
Is dwelling now a sweet and soothing strain,
As music of the spheres:

'The blest Redeemer
Liveth. The God whose days are without end
Shall stand in glorious majesty on earth;
And these dull ashes, quickening into life,
A robe of incorruption shall put on
His presence to attend. Cease, mortal heart!
This restless, longing search to pierce the clouds
O'ershadowing the silent vale of gloom:
Content 't is open to His eye who formed
The visible roundure of the world most fair:
The narrow compass of thy years adorn
With life-becoming graces, and when night
About thy heart shall close, lie down to rest
Grateful on the green bosom of the earth
That coming hour in perfect trust to wait,
When heaven's enthroned king unveiled shall sit,
And thou, a changed spirit, on *that* brow,
To whose clear lustre th' unapproachable sun
Is but a darkling shadow, may'st read thy place
'Midst chosen ministering saints at his right hand.'

O L L A P O D I A N A .

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

‘GIVE you good den,’ Reader. We have been deprived of each other’s companionship for several weeks, and for my part I am becoming lonesome without your eye. I love that you should scrutinize my sentences — appreciate a good thing, if I happen to acquit myself thereof — and use that thrice blessed quality of forgiveness with respect to a bad one. It pleases me to think that eyes whose mortal glance will probably never meet my own, may linger for a moment on my page, and that some thought may be conveyed, through those starry and lustrous media, to a spirit not displeased.

SOME of my contemporaries have supposed that the estate of a Benedict forbiddeth the resident therein to disport himself as aforetime, in the flowery fields of fancy, and to bombulate at random through the remembered groves of the academy, or the rich gardens of imaginative delight. Verily this is not so. To the right-minded man, all these enjoyments are increased; the ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied; he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering *solus* through a vale of tears, with no one to share with him his gout of optical salt water, wots not of. As a beloved friend once said unto me: ‘When a good man weds, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace — full of all pleasant sights, and ‘beautiful exceedingly.’ One’s dreams may not all be realized, for *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand fold sweeter, than any dreams — those shadowy and impalpable though gorgeous entities, that flit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

—— ‘of Zion’s fountains,
When love, and hope, and joy were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains,
The feet of angel messengers.’

No common boon is it — we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer — to enjoy ‘a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness, from a bride without guile; and close beside you, in the still watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!’

OLD JOHN MILTON, whose pale statue looks down upon me with ‘ful gret solempnite’ from his niche, as I write, enlarges with

great gusto upon the married state, and his verdict has been quoted a thousand times; but I believe that respectable gentleman, and tolerable author, found at last that the state matrimonial, as far as himself was concerned, was not so delectable as the airy tongue of fancy had syllabled to his ear. But the truth is, Milton was not a fair judge. He was no more fitted to possess a wife, than Richard the Third was. The reason is obvious. He was engaged in the construction of gorgeous castles in the air: spirits that 'play i' the plighted clouds' were his familiars; and the battles that he superintended in heaven, and the hot work that he had of it in the other place, were enough to keep him in a perfect and constant fever. How could such a man come down to the bread-and-butter concerns of every day life? — the gentle hint of Mr. Russell the tailor, with whom he boarded in Bunhill Fields, that it was about time to elevate the pecuniary *quid pro quo* for victuals and drink that had fulfilled their offices in his incarnate tabernacle? How could he go to the green grocer's, and get a cabbage for Mrs. Milton, or any thing of that sort, when he was busy in populating Pandemonium? or see about procuring for himself a new pair of unwhisperables from his host, when he was engaged in arranging a throne for Apollyon, and drawing the convention of his peers together, to make speeches, and discuss matters of public interest? Indeed, his kingdom was not of this world; his mind soared away from the dim dust and smoke of London, up to the gates of Paradise, to pastures of eternal verdure, rivers of refreshing waters, and thoroughfares of bullion, glistening in the violet and golden radiance of an unfading sky. Supposing that one of his little responsibilities had bawled in his ear for a sugar-plum, just at the moment when he had got Satan into one of his heaviest fights, a kind of gravy running from his wounds? Would he not have exclaimed, petulantly, (in the identical words which he puts into the mouth of the Arch-fiend,) 'Oh hell!' It is quite likely — and perhaps followed up the ejaculation with a box upon the ear of the young offender. The truth is, he was always *in nubibus*, or else above them; his mental retina expanding, and drinking in the imperishable and glorious prospects of the upper world. He had not the serenity of Shakspeare. His wing was not so strong; but like 'the sail broad vans' of the Great Enemy, he waved them as if they were moved by the impetuous rush of a whirlwind. For the common things of this work-day world, he cared little or nothing. He was *among* men, but not *of* them. The only woman that he ever sincerely loved, was Eve. He attended to her with constant devotion. He pranked her pathway with roses; he spread around her the amaranth bowers and banks of Eden and Asphodel; and the land which he bequeathed her was, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, 'well watered and timbered.' He hated Satan 'as he did the devil;' and I am inclined to think that he has exaggerated the demerits of that famous individual.

But I am wandering. I demand back my spirit for other matters.

READER o' mine, have you been sleighing this winter? There were some three days of the genuine weather for that object, in the

Philadelphia meridian, and the improvement thereof was great. Every one partook of the general joy. Little dogs ran like mad through the streets, and their barks were a mingling of laughter and yell, evidently the produce of excessive *animal* spirits. It was delightful to embark in a full sleigh, bells ringing cheerfully in the ear, the city lessening in the distance at one's back, and the broad white waste of the country expanding to the eye! There is a sense of chastened solemnity about the dull brown woods, mingling afar with the pale blueness of the distance, and the crimson of an evening sky, fading gradually behind their branches,

'While soft, on icy pool and stream,
Their pencilled shadows fall.'

I hardly know of any thing which carries me more forcibly back to younger and purer days, than a winter's scene. There is something in sleigh-ride remembrances that stirs a potent witchery of pleasure in the very depths of the heart. Sometimes when, after a heavy fall of snow, a southern wind has arisen, bringing rain upon its wings, and when the breath of Boreas has afterward breathed over it, in competition with his *opposite* neighbor, a gloss shines over the whole face of the earth; and, as the sun rises or goes down, the entire radius of the horizon seems like a waving ocean of blue and gold! *Then* to see the sun go down, or to see it rise! *Then* to see the large dazzling stars in the vault of midnight, or the moon walking in brightness, or suspended like a vast balloon of transparent light in heaven! Then the soul goes up to God: there is an eloquence in the stillness of the night; the ear *hums with silence*, and fairy voices seem breathing from the snow. The unclouded grandeur of Omnipotence kindles the mind: there is solemnity in the howl of the watch-dog from the hill-side — in the sluggish clouds, rolling their languid and fleecy skirts upward from the horizon.

SLEIGH-RIDING and skating are my delights. Give me a satisfactory pair of *high-dutchers*, curled fantastically over the toe of my boots, the straps nicely adjusted, the line of steel ringing and thrilling along my *sole*, the Delaware or Fair-Mount dam for my theatre, and I can enact more wonders than a man — playing such tricks before high heaven, that a disinterested angel might bend complacently from his pavilion in the upper air, to scrutinize my gyrations, and see how I performed.

Sliding down hill, on the other hand, is an eminent bore. I wonder at my urchin infatuation in having ever patronized it. There is such a world of labor, and such a meagre amount of pleasure. One half of it, to use an appropriate phrase, is 'up-hill business.' If there are any young countrymen among my readers who have a lake in their neighborhood, I can tell them of a system greatly in vogue when I was a student. The following is the recipe:

Take a pole, say twenty feet long; place it on a little upright stick of wood, cut so that at the top two branches may be removed, so as to be something in the shape of a letter Y: let this be fastened

in solid ice, when the lake is right firmly encrusted, and safe as a floor: then place the pole at the bottom of the triangle described by the branches of the upright stick; let a long rope be at the end of the pole, and at the end of the rope a sled, with runners that cross each other at right angles, under a high box, filled with boys and girls, properly seated. Two stout fellows can easily turn the pole in the cavity of the Y, something in the way in which an oar is pulled in a regatta. Wait a moment, reader, I beseech you, and see the effect, when the impulse has crept to the rope's end. The sled starts like a comet behind time: it describes a far-off circle, widening and widening; the passengers can scarcely see; they breathe quickly but happily; and I verily believe that (being conscious of safety, even were the ice as thin as a wafer,) any goodly company of young people thus engaged can enjoy a very satisfactory prologue to the sensations of an aéronaut on a trip, and feel as Virgil did when he begged Mæcenas to rank him among the lyric poets:

'Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.'

TALKING of poets and prologues, bids me discourse of the great merit of SHAKSPEARE in these impressive productions. His prologues are seldom spoken; stage people exclude them from the public, and it is only now and then that they become closet familiars with the scholar. Shakspeare's prologues teem with meaning and description. Strong, brief, and simple, they are yet full of adventure and action. Take the following as an example. It is the opening of *'Troilus and Cressida.'*

'In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece,
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravisht Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps — and that's the quarrel.

'To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike freightage: now, on Dardan plains,
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Skerr up the sons of Troy,' etc.

WELL, after all, life itself is but a dim prologue to that day of days, when the curtain of eternity will be lifted, and 'the swelling act' begin! The thought is a deep one. Here, we are begirt with mystery. The Past rises with its shadows, only to the eye of Imagination: of the Wrong that has flourished and been successful, we know not yet the destiny; of the Right that has suffered, in weariness and

painfulness, we know not the reward. Who shall unravel the marvel, or dispel the illusion? Of the events which happened, reader, when we were yet 'in the dark night of our fore-beings,' or ever the stars, or the moon walking in brightness, or the sun — glorious shadow and faint type of God! — had touched our mortal vision, who shall tell? The time gone is a dream — the time to come, unknown. Truly did one of yore say, as he discoursed of sepulchral mementos, and turned his thoughts to the lofty structures of Egyptian ambition: 'Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphynx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and *turning old glories into dreams*. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she *mumbleth something*, but what it is, he heareth not.' Thus it is, that the position of our being defies all primary or ultimate inquiry. If we look back, there is a point where knowledge fades into conjecture; if onward, we stand upon the border of a sea which has but *one shore*, and whose heavings beyond are infinite and eternal! Of what avail is it, then, that we bend over the lore of antiquity, or wax pale over the lamp of midnight — that we walk in the fields, catching the faint utterance of the voice of God? We spend our strength for nought: the clouds roll with an uncomprehended impulse; the wave heaves, the verdure brightens, the wind turneth in its circuits — but what are we? We drink the sunshine and the breeze; passions warm us — doubt overshadows — hope inspires — fear haunts us: but we are still in mystery. Pleasure and pain are equally uncertain; the morrow is in a mist, and yesterday is nothing. *Our friends die — God changes their countenance and takes them away — and where is the balm for so bitter a sting?* It is to consider the earth as no abiding place; to rely on a power beyond our own; to disdain the sneer of the bigot, the hot language of the zealot, and to cherish in one's heart of hearts that essence of the beatitudes — *the religion of life*.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind:
 No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day:
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright —
 Like them the present shall delight —
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
 That into one engulfing sea
 Are doomed to fall:
 The sea of death — whose waves roll on,
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all!

Alike the river's lordly pride,
 Alike the humble rivulet's glide
 To that sad wave;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side,
 Within the grave!

To *this* complexion, at last, must we come : and our questionings of the elements, or of the mind, are alike in vain. How often has passionate Grief invoked the hosts of heaven to restore the lost ! Yet when the clod has once fallen with its hollow sound upon the coffin-lid ; when its melancholy echo has sunk unheard over the tuneless ear of Death, who that has stood by, and heard the requiem for the departed soul, but has wondered for its flight ? Where is the heart that has not poured forth its plaint, amid the stillness of the night, when the ear

‘From echoing hill or thicket, oft has seemed
To hear celestial voices ?’

It is then that the soul longs for *the astrologer’s power* — the consultation of the stars. Among those orbs, gemming the night with lustre, where do the departed dwell ? Who can pierce the blue mystery above, to tell ? There they shine from age to age — glorious clusters, flooding the empyrean with paths of light, and looking down in beauty on the mutations of a ‘wicked and perverse world !’ Is it among those floating jewels, scattered from the crown of the Almighty, where the prismatic light gleams from the gates of Paradise, that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest ?

‘Answer me, burning stars of night,
Where hath the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight
Even as a breeze hath flown ?
And the stars answer me : ‘We roll
In light and power on high,
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die !’

By the way, I would not speak too reverently of astrology ; for I consider it a mythological humbug, which was exploded at Belshazzar’s feast. When that distinguished personage was in the midst of his entertainment — when the lamps shone brightly over fair women and brave men — there came a passage of supernatural chirography over against him on the wall of his palace, which he could not decipher. Scratching his royal head, in grievous doubt, he called unto him his astrologers and soothsayers, (celestial proof-readers,) but ‘they could not make known unto him the interpretation of the thing.’ Ever since reading this sketch of that princely dinner, I have had a great distrust of your star-gazers. I am of this mind with Browne : ‘We do not reject or condemn a sober and regulated astrology ; we hold there is more truth therein than in astrologers ; in some more than many allow, yet in none so much as some pretend. We deny not the influence of the stars, but often suspect the due application thereof ; for though we should affirm that all things were in all things ; that heaven were but earth celestified, and earth but heaven terrestri-fied ; or that each part had an influence upon its divided affinity below, yet how to single out these relations, and duly to apply their actions, is a work oft-times to be effected by some revelation and *cabala* from above, rather than any philosophy or speculation here below. What power soever they have upon our bodies, it is not requisite they should destroy our reasons — that is, to make

us rely on the strength of Nature, when she is least able to relieve us; and when we conceive heaven against us, to refuse the assistance of the earth, created for us.'

TALKING of stars, leads me to astronomy, and from thence to the calculations of the exact sciences, whereby that prescience of the future, which approaches divinity, and seems to snatch a prerogative from the Almighty, is revealed. The *profanum vulgus*, even, have a dim but *indefinable* reverence for figurative lore. Thus TEDDY O'ROURKE, in the play, when he usurps the place of my learned friend, Doctor O'TOOLE, after the '*Salve Dominum!*' of Doctor FLAIL, and the puzzling reply of '*Scvmlum Tag'roogeen!*' goes on to bewilder himself in the mazes of 'cataphysics,' and the literature of 'the Thabans, the Russians, the Turks, and the rest of the Greeks,' and winds up with the knock-down conclusion, '*Thim's mathematics!*'

BUT that's neither here nor there. I wish to touch upon a subject familiar to every youth who has handled a pen while a student, and sat up till midnight to court the *nine*, when he should have been in bed by *ten*. I mean the producing of tributes for albums. Oh! bore of bores! How many despairing digits, at the command of young virgins, have ploughed themselves into the dandruff of the unpractised writer, in order to procure one or two ideas to dilute into an album! No one can tell the amount of misery that is inflicted in this way upon the youthful portions of mankind. There is no release from a thralldom of this kind; and if by dogged obstinacy you should happen to effect your redemption thence, you are like the 'Prisoner released from the Bastile,' whereof all juveniles have read. No one will know you; you will be cut by the lover of your bright-eyed cousin, and by herself. In fact, one might as well stipulate wantonly for a bad epitaph from a cutter of tomb-stones, as to attempt release from the scribbulative obligation. There is no discharge in that war of the pen. For me, I can say with the apostle, that if all I had recorded in albums, from a desire to preserve my female friendships, and to do what is denominated 'the *handsome thing*,' 'I suppose the world could not contain the books that had been written.'

Once, however, I was put to my trumps. A respectable milliner, who had made a beautiful bonnet for a cousin, desired her, as a special favor, to procure me to 'head the list' of contributors to her album. I received the volume. It was a *blank-book*, and the two first pages were devoted to memoranda of disposed-of millinett, dimity, ribbons, gros-de-naps, and so forth. The pages were ruled across in *blue*, and rectangularly, near the outer edge, in *red*, forming squares for the register of dollars and cents. A thought struck me, that I could make a novel *hit* in the *ars poetica*, by bringing in *figures* to my aid. '*Figures*,' thought I, 'are certainly allowable in poetry; and though I cannot flatter the vanity of the fair owner of this quarto, (for she was very nice and very pretty, except that one of her optics leared askew,) in my verse, perhaps I may do it in

my motto.' For that I drew upon the Scriptures : and the sum total of the whole followeth :

'TO MISS LUCRETIA SOPHONISBA MATILDA JERUSHA CATLING:

'Thou hast ravished my heart — thou hast ravish'd my heart with *one* of thine eyes! Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men. How beautiful are thy feet, *with shoes!* Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-Rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus. How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!'

[From the *Canticles*, or the *Song of Songs*, as originally written by Solomon, and sung by him at Jerusalem, with great applause.]

Thou canst not hope, oh! nymph divine,		
That I should ever court the	- - -	9
Or that when passion's glow is done,		
My heart can ever love but	- - -	1
When from Hope's flower exhales the dew,		
Then Love's false smile deserts us	- - -	2
Then Fancy's radiance 'gins to flee,		
And life is robbed of all the	- - -	3
And Sorrow, sad, her tears must pour		
O'er cheeks where roses bloomed be	- - -	4 — 19
Yes! life's a scene all dim as Styx;		
Its joys are dear at	- - -	3, 6
Its raptures fly so quickly hence,		
They're scarcely cheap at	- - -	18 d
Oh! for the dreams that then survive!		
They are high at pennies	- - -	25
The breast no more is filled with heaven,		
When years it numbers	- - -	27
And yields it up to Manhood's fate,		
About the age of	- - -	28
Finds the world cold, and dim, and dirty,		
Ere the heart's annual count is	- - -	30
Alas! for all the joys that follow,		
I would not give a quarter-dollar!	- - -	25 — 1.97½
This, charming <i>artiste</i> , is the sum		
To which life's added items come.		
If into farther sums I stride,		
I see the figures multiplied.		
Subtract the profit ones from those		
Whose <i>all</i> to loss untimely goes,		
And in the aggregate you find		
Enough to assure the thinking mind		
That there's an overplus of evil,		
Enough to fright the very d — l!		
Thus, my dear maid, I send to you		
The balance of my metre due;		
Please scrutinize the above amount,		
And set it down in my account;		
A wink to a horse is as good as a nod —		
Your humble servant,	OLLAPOD.	

By the way, is it not wonderful, that though in relation to celestial prospects, figures cannot lie, yet in terrestrial matters they are mendacious to the last degree? It is even so. There are numerous improvements in our country, for example, which a few years ago would have been stigmatized as the dream of the minstrel, now apparent as the certainties of fact. Who, ten years since, would have thought of a *ship canal* from the lakes to the ocean! — passing through fertile regions, bearing the white sail on its waters, the

wealth of the interior, and the stores of Ormus or of Ind on its bosom! Yet a few years, and the wilderness which once was barren, shall resound with the hum of commerce, be dimmed with the smoke of cities, and astonished with the bustle of mercantile life. We are not a stationary people: we go onward; and if the best spirit that ever was filled of yore with high dreams of hope for the country, were now among us, what would be the scene of its vision? *Imagination* furls her wing, and lets *Reality* take the lead.

But I forbear. I am at my sheet's edge. Hereafter I will seize the theme, now but begun,

——— 'and bear it with me, as the storm
Bears the cloud onward.'

Till then, gentle reader, I am wholly thine,

OLLAPOD.

T I M E .

HAIL, mighty potentate! whose right arm sways
The sceptre of a power that has no bound,
Save in the will of Him whose fiat lays
All other empires prostrate, and the sound
Of whose almighty voice alone can raze
Their pomp, and power, and beauty to the ground:
All mortal tongues their homage pay to thee,
Whose empire ends but in eternity!

Where was thy earliest reign? — did the pale light
Of the first star mark where its course begun?
Or the unbroken darkness of that night
Which brooded over chaos, ere the sun
Was hung in heaven, or all the planets bright
Around his brilliant orb their course had run?
No tongue can answer — all the earth is dumb!
Thou art, thou hast been, and thou art to come.

Thy rapid chariot wheels, unheard, sweep by,
By careless man unnoticed and unknown;
Thy winged coursers like the lightning fly,
And like its faded path thy track is strown,
As when its vivid flashes rend the sky,
And crush alike the hovel and the throne —
The haughty monarch in his hall of state,
And the poor beggar trembling at his gate.

Insignia of thy empire, in thy hands
Thou bear'st the everlasting scythe and glass:
That glass, the waning of whose measured sands
Numbers the fleeting moments as they pass.
That scythe which sweeps o'er earth's unnumbered lands
And cuts down their inhabitants, like grass
That falls beneath the reaper's hand to-day,
And ere the morrow hastens to decay.

The faintest, gentlest whisper of thy breath
Turns the fresh-glowing cheek of beauty pale,
And to the stately pride of manhood hath
A magic sound, that makes its vigor fail.
To tottering age it speaks the voice of death —
The fearful summons to his gloomy vale:
The giant oak that long has braved the blast,
Falls prostrate as the zephyr bears it past.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GREEK TABLES: or a Method of Teaching the Greek Paradigm in a more Simple and Fundamental manner. By D. FRIEDRICH THIERSCH, Professor in the Lyceum and Principal of the Philological Seminary at Munich. To which is added An Essay on the Dialects, from BUTTMANN's Grammar. Translated by R. B. PATTON, formerly Professor of Languages in the College of New-Jersey. Second Edition: revised and enlarged. New-York: G. AND C. AND H. CARVILL. 1832.

THE GREEK VERB TAUGHT IN A SIMPLE AND FUNDAMENTAL MANNER, according to THE GREEK TABLES of D. FRIEDRICH THIERSCH, Professor in the Lyceum and President of the Philological Seminary at Munich. With Alterations, Additions, and Selections from BUTTMANN's larger Grammar, and adapted to the principal Greek Grammars in use. By WILLIAM NAST, D. Ph. Teacher of Ancient Languages. Gambier, Ohio: 1835.

WE have always entertained a high respect, and no small degree of gratitude, toward Prof. THIERSCH, for his eminent services in the department of Greek grammar; principally because he has labored more abundantly and more successfully than other Greek grammarians in illustrating the venerable forms of the language, as it presents itself in the Homeric poems. We are not insensible to the stately grandeur of the Doric, and we enjoy, with a keen relish, the concentration of energy in the highly intellectual Attic. But we linger with feelings of intense delight and curiosity amid the antique forms and expressions of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; drinking at the sparkling fountain, and pursuing the rich streams of language as they roll downward to enrich the fields of philosophy and science. In other words, we are convinced, that the germ of all that is grand, forcible, perspicuous, melting or energetic, in the subsequent forms of this noble language, is to be traced to those venerable poems.

Nearly all the grammatical works of Prof. Thiersch have been made accessible to the English reader, by means of translations. Some years since, Prof. PATTON, who now occupies the chair of Greek Literature in the 'University of the City of New-York,' furnished us with a translation of his *Greek Tables*, which present, for the purposes of elementary instruction, the most simple and distinct analysis of the Greek verb, and the most intelligible and comprehensive tabular arrangements, with which we have ever met. His '*Greek Grammar, Principally of the Homeric Dialect*,' has been translated, more recently, by Prof. Sandford, of the University of Glasgow: and a year or two since, a teacher of ancient languages in the 'far west'—WILLIAM NAST, D. Ph.,—ushered into the world '*The Greek Verb, taught in a Simple and Fundamental manner, according to the Greek Tables of Dr. FRIEDRICH THIERSCH, with Alterations Additions, and Selections*,' etc. etc.

It is not our intention, at present, to engage in a discussion of the merits of the original work of Thiersch, which stands at the head of this article. We would suggest, however, to Prof. Patton the propriety of discarding, in the third edition of his translation, which we understand will soon be called for, the several prefaces of Thiersch, and of substituting a single article, by way of general preface, which shall embody, in a more concise and connected manner, the principles on which the analysis

of the Greek verb rests, separating distinctly the radical forms from the accidental modifications or additions, and displaying the foundation of the 'system,' clear and unencumbered — guided by the light which the study of the Indo-European family of languages, and the interesting researches in comparative philology, now throws upon the original formation and early history of the language of Greece. We recommend this course, because we believe that Thiersch, and those who labor in the same field, are in *principle* right; but in the practical business of applying 'the principle,' and constructing a 'system,' much may yet be done.

The translation of Prof. Patton is so generally known, that any exposition on our part of the plan of the work would be superfluous. We turn, therefore, to an examination of 'the Greek verb' of Doctor Nast, 'the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor,' in due form of law, and under the seal and protection of the good state of Ohio.

It may be remarked, at the outset, that this work does not *profess* to be based upon any received *translation*, as may be seen by the title-page, but an original production, 'the right whereof' Dr. Nast 'claims as *author*.' We are left to infer that the original 'Tables' of Thiersch had been newly translated. But we will permit the doctor to speak for himself, in his preface:

'The Greek Tables met with approbation in this country, likewise, and were some time ago translated by Prof. Patton. It is, however, difficult at present to obtain copies of that translation. (This is certainly news in New-York, as the second edition was published by one of the most eminent book-selling and publishing houses in this country.) Partly from this consideration, partly from a conviction that the original work would meet with a more favorable reception, if it received some material alterations and additions, and was adapted to the American grammars by references, I have been induced to publish Dr. Thiersch's Treatise in a new form; in doing which I endeavored to meet the wishes of the original author, who remarks in one of his prefaces, that

DR. NAST'S TRANSLATION.

'In unfolding the method itself, his principles might receive some modification, or assume a different form; for no one,' he adds, 'can be surprised at this, who realizes the difference between investigation and instruction, each of which must pursue a peculiar course, leaving the synthesis, which the business of instruction calls to its aid, to harmonize at the close with the analysis obtained by investigation.'

PROF. PATTON'S TRANSLATION.

'In unfolding the method itself, these principles may perhaps receive some modification or assume a different form. But no one can be surprised at this, who realizes the difference between investigation and instruction; each of which must pursue a peculiar course, leaving the synthesis, which the business of instruction calls to its aid, to harmonize at the close with the analysis obtained by investigation.'

Again: 'This method has been approved of by most of the German reviews, because as one of them observes:

DR. NAST'S TRANSLATION.

'Thereby life is restored to a mass heretofore dead, and the rich design manifest in this systematic language is clearly demonstrated, which, for a long time, has been regarded as the spiritless work of caprice or chance.'

PROF. PATTON'S TRANSLATION.

'Thereby life is restored to a mass heretofore dead, and the rich design manifest in this systematic language is clearly demonstrated, which, for a long time, has been regarded as the spiritless work of caprice or chance.'

Again, the doctor remarks: 'Before mentioning the alterations and additions which the original (not Prof. Patton's translation,) has received, it may be proper to insert so much of the preface of Thiersch as will exhibit his design.'

Here follow two pages, purporting to be a portion of 'the Preface of Thiersch.' From the statements of Dr. Nast, cited above from his own preface, the reader will naturally expect this portion of Thiersch's preface to be done into English by the doctor himself, from the *original* work, especially as not a single word escapes him, in any part of his production, of any design to make use of Prof. Patton's previous labors. The fact, however, is this: the doctor has — as we are assured by the publishers and proprietors of Prof. Patton's translation — without authority from them, or previous understanding with Prof. Patton, adopted this gentleman's translation; not substantially, or partially, but *verbatim* and *in toto*, presenting it in a form and arrangement so altered, and so interlarded with his own 'material alterations and ad-

ditions,' that we have had some difficulty in picking up the scattered fragments of Prof. Patton's translation, and re-constructing the work, as it came from his hands.

This extract from the preface of Thiersch is too long to permit us to place it and the corresponding portion of the translation by Prof. Patton, side by side, in order to show at once their points of agreement or disagreement. But we assure the reader that this portion of the preface of Thiersch is, in fact, taken *verbatim* from Prof. Patton's translation of the *three* prefaces of Thiersch, and of the treatise itself. There is not a sentence in all this extract of two pages that has not been transferred, most unceremoniously, from its rightful place, and dove-tailed, with some ingenuity, by the help of a few connecting words or phrases, to its neighboring sentences, to patch up the said 'portion from the preface of Thiersch.' In one instance, this scissor plan is so curiously applied, as to merit a particular specification. On the seventh page, he makes Thiersch say: 'The language seems evidently to demand such a treatment in regard to the verb, (so far the sentence is taken from the third preface, p. 20, of Prof. Patton's translation,) which must not be regarded as a confused and arbitrary mass of inflections, but as a noble and inimitable master-piece, and worthy, on account of its euphony and perfection, of the highest degree of attention and admiration.'

We were puzzled, for some time, to find out the original residence of this latter part of the extract, seeing that it makes in the original, and in Prof. Patton's translation, no part of the sentence with which the Doctor commences. We searched all the *prefaces*, again and again, without success. But feeling confident that, like the rest of the *extract from the preface*, it must be somewhere in Prof. Patton's translation, we ventured boldly into the *treatise* itself, and there, on the forty-third page, we were confronted with the remaining portion of the sentence, withdrawn, word for word, from its legitimate place, and fortunately without the aid of connecting vowel, or syllable, or word, or phrase, joined to the former part, which really belongs to the preface.

This specimen of the doctor's mode of proceeding, drawn from the prefatory portion, will suffice also for the entire work. We do not recollect ever to have met with a more bare-faced piece of effrontery, than the dedication of this piece of plagiarism. It runs thus: 'To the students of Kenyon College, this little work is offered, as a token of sincere regard, by the Author.'

Let any one read the title-page, at the head of this notice, and the extract we have given above from Dr. Nast's own preface, in which he announces his design and plan, viz: to give to the *original work*, accompanied by his alterations and additions, a more favorable reception, and then reflect on the fact that this is the only occasion on which Prof. Patton's name is introduced, and also on the fact that Prof. Patton's translation, nevertheless, is to be found, word for word, embodied in this work, the right whereof he claims as *author*, and we are quite sure he will join with us in reprobating this mode of book-making, and of arrogating the rights and privileges of authorship.

But we have a lurking suspicion, also, that Dr. Nast really had not access to the original German '*Tabellen*,' in getting up his original work. Our suspicion arises from the fact that, in some instances, he has differed from the translation of Prof. Patton, *apparently* because he had found that this translation, in these instances, did not convey the exact idea of the original. But upon closer examination, we find that Prof. Patton has rendered the passages correctly, and Dr. Nast incorrectly — if, which we very much doubt, there was any translating at all from the original, on the part of Dr. Nast. Let one passage suffice. The original German runs thus: 'Man muss demnach, was hier geschehen ist, das Paradigma in seine kleinsten Bestandtheile zerlegt haben, und es nun vorden Augen des Lehrlings zusammensetzen, und gleich-

sam erst eutstohen lassen.' which Prof. Patton translates: 'The paradigm must be reduced to its simple constituent parts, as is done in the following pages, and these parts united again, under the inspection of the learner.' Dr. Nast has the same words, and in the same order, excepting the last, which he has altered to '*teacher*;' clearly supposing, without reference to the original German, and judging merely from the complexion of the English sentence, that the separated parts were to be put together again *by the pupil*, under the inspection of the *teacher* — a very common mode of proceeding. But any one, even moderately acquainted with the German, will see that this is not the idea intended to be conveyed by Thiersch.

We shall dismiss this subject with the single remark, that when foreigners, of some literary pretension, visit our shores, especially for the laudable purpose of becoming teachers of ancient languages, they are very prone to regard with no little contempt the talents and attainments of this country, and to count upon our tame submission to a treatment in accordance with these views. Our best wishes for Dr. Nast are, that the worthy proprietors of Prof. Patton's translation of Thiersch's Tables may conclude that he is sufficiently punished for his temerity by the exposure of his mode of proceeding, without — as they clearly can legitimately do — subjecting him to a prosecution for the infringement of their copy-right.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. Part Second. In one volume. pp. 228.
THE TUGGS'S AT RAMSGATE. By 'Boz.' With Other Tales. In one volume. pp. 204.
Philadelphia: CARRY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

We have placed these two volumes together for more convenient consideration in this place; but it may be well to remark, that the last-named work owes little of its bulk to the attractive 'Boz' — since the 'other tales,' so incidentally mentioned in the title-page, and so ingeniously thrown into the back-ground in the bookseller's show-bills, constitute more than three fourths of the volume. Yet as the two first stories are worth the price of the book, no purchaser will have cause to complain.

The qualities of the author of the 'Pickwick Papers' are very much akin to those of the author of 'Notes of a Residence in Little Pedlington;' but to our mind, Mr. DICKENS has even a more prolific store of genuine humor, a keener eye for the burlesque, and a more acute sense of the ridiculous, than POOLE. In all the productions of the former, that we have seen, the fascination of language is conspicuously displayed. His descriptions seem as involuntary as they are picturesque. He paints with force and spirit, although he sometimes over-colors, and always imparts to the events which he relates an air of truth and unity; while his satire, be it never so pungent, is ever finely tempered. One would naturally suppose that the peculiar field chosen by our author would, after a time, be exhausted by over-cropping; but the soil appears to be no whit impaired, and each succeeding sketch amply sustains the promise of its precursor.

We cannot better convince the reader of the justice of our encomiums, than by sub-joining a few extracts, calculated to afford single specimens of this writer's coloring and outline. As politics are a prevalent topic of interest, at all times, we commence with one or two sketches, descriptive of a political contest held at Eatanswill, a petty village, far removed from the metropolis, the people of which consider the world as looking on to behold the result of the trial of strength between the 'Blues' and the 'Buff's', the rival factions:

"It was late in the evening, when Mr. Pickwick and his companions, assisted by Sam, dismounted from, the roof of the Eatanswill coach. Large blue silk flags were flying

from the windows of the Town Arms Inn, and bills were posted in every sash, intimating, in gigantic letters, that the Honourable Samuel Slumkey's Committee sat there daily. A crowd of idlers were assembled in the road, looking at a hoarse man in the balcony, who was apparently talking himself very red in the face in Mr. Slumkey's behalf; but the force and point of whose arguments were impaired by the perpetual beating of four large drums which Mr. Fizkin's committee had stationed at the street corner. There was a busy little man beside him, though, who took off his hat at intervals and motioned to the people to cheer, which they regularly did, most enthusiastically; and as the red-faced gentleman went on talking till he was redder in the face than ever, it seemed to answer his purpose quite as well as if any body had heard him.

"The Pickwickians had no sooner dismounted, than they were surrounded by a branch mob of the honest and independent, who forthwith set up three deafening cheers, which being responded to by the main body (for it's not at all necessary for a crowd to know what they are cheering about) swelled into a tremendous roar of triumph, which stopped even the red-faced man in the balcony.

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob in conclusion.

"One cheer more," screamed the little fogleman in the balcony; and out shouted the mob again, as if lungs were castiron, with steel works.

"Slumkey for ever!" roared the honest and independent.

"Slumkey for ever!" echoed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his hat.

"No Fizkin," roared the crowd.

"Certainly not," shouted Mr. Pickwick.

"Hurrah!" And then there was another roaring, like that of a whole menagerie when the elephant has rung the bell for the cold meat."

The following is rich in humor. It is a perfect picture of the small trickery of vulgar politicians, and the pomposity of an ignorant partisan editor, of the 'Little Peddington Weekly Observer' school. Mr. Perker, to whom the venerable Pickwick is about to be introduced, it should be premised, is the Hon. Mr. Slumkey's agent, and chief manager of his political interests:

"So you have carried your intention into effect. You have come down here to see an election — eh?"

"Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Spirited contest, my dear Sir," said the little man.

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands; 'I like to see sturdy patriotism, on whatever side it is called forth; — and so it's a spirited contest!'

"Oh yes," said the little man, 'very much so indeed. We have opened all the public houses in the place, and left our adversary nothing but the beer-shops — masterly stroke of policy that, my dear Sir, eh? — and the little man smiled complacently, and took a large pinch of snuff.

"And what are the probabilities as to the result of the contest?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why doubtful, my dear Sir; rather doubtful as yet," replied the little man. 'Fizkin's people have got three-and-thirty voters in the lock-up coach-house at the White Hart.'

"In the coach-house!" said Mr. Pickwick, considerably astonished by this second stroke of policy.

"They keep 'em locked up there, till they want 'em," resumed the little man. 'The effect of that is, you see, to prevent our getting at them; and even if we could, it would be of no use, for they keep them very drunk on purpose. Smart fellow Fizkin's agent — very smart fellow indeed.'

Mr. Pickwick stared, but said nothing.

"We are pretty confident, though," said Mr. Perker, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. 'We had a little tea-party here, last night — five-and-forty women, my dear Sir — and gave every one of 'em a green parasol when they went away.'

"A parasol!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fact, my dear Sir, fact. Five-and-forty green parasols, at seven and six-pence a-piece. All women like finery — extraordinary the effect of those parasols. Secured all their husbands, and half their brothers — beats stockings, and flannel, and all that sort of thing, hollow. My idea, my dear Sir, entirely. Hail, rain, or sunshine, you can't walk half a dozen yards up the street, without encountering half a dozen green parasols."

"Here the little man indulged in a convulsion of mirth, which was only checked by the entrance of a third party.

"This was a tall, thin man, with a sandy-colored head inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended with a look of unfathomable profundity. He was dressed in a long brown surtout, with a black cloth waistcoat, and drab-trousers. A double eye-glass dangled at his waistcoat; and on his head he wore a very low-crowned hat, with a broad brim. The new comer was introduced to Mr. Pickwick as

Mr. Pott, the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette. After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Pott turned round to Mr. Pickwick, and said with solemnity:

"This contest excites great interest in the metropolis, Sir?"

"I believe it does," said Mr. Pickwick.

"To which I have reason to know," said Pott, looking toward Mr. Perker for corroboration, "to which I have reason to know my article of last Saturday in some degree contributed."

"Not the least doubt of that," said the little man.

"The press is a mighty engine, Sir," said Pott.

Mr. Pickwick yielded his fullest assent to the proposition.

"But I trust, Sir," said Pott, "that I have never abused the enormous power I wield. I trust, Sir, that I have never pointed the noble instrument which is placed in my hands, against the sacred bosom of private life, or the tender breast of individual reputation; I trust, Sir, that I have devoted my energies to — to endeavors — humble they may be, humble I know they are — to instil those principles of — which — are —"

"Here the editor of the Eatanswill Gazette appearing to ramble, Mr. Pickwick came to his relief, and said:

"Certainly."

"And what, Sir," said Pott — "what Sir, let me ask you, as an impartial man, is the state of the public mind in London, with reference to my contest with the Independent?"

"Greatly excited, no doubt," interposed Mr. Perker, with a look of slyness which was very likely accidental.

"That contest," said Pott, "shall be prolonged so long as I have health and strength, and that portion of talent with which I am gifted. From that contest, Sir, although it may unsettle men's minds and excite their feelings, and render them incapable for the discharge of the every-day duties of ordinary life; from that contest, Sir, I will never shrink, till I have set my heel upon the Eatanswill Independent. I wish the people of London, and the people of this country to know, Sir, that they may rely upon me; that I will not desert them; that I am resolved to stand by them, Sir, to the last."

"Your conduct is most noble, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick; and he grasped the hand of the magnanimous Pott.

"You are, Sir, I perceive, a man of sense and talent," said Mr. Pott, almost breathless with the vehemence of his patriotic declaration. "I am most happy, Sir, to make the acquaintance of such a man."

Sam Weller, the illustrious Pickwick's illustrious servant — an original in every sense — thus replies to a remark of wonder and surprise on the part of his master, that such strange tricks upon independent voters should be practised by the people of Eatanswill:

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick, half speaking to himself, and half addressing Sam.

"Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at an election-time, in this werry place, Sir," replied Sam.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why hedrove a coach down here once," said Sam; "Lesson time came on, and he was engaged by vun party to bring down woters from London. Night afore he was a going to drive up, committee on t'other side sends for him quietly, and away he goes with the messenger, who shows him in; — large room — lots of gen'l'm'n — heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'ere. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n in the chair, 'glad to see you, Sir; how are you?' — 'Werry well, thank'ee, Sir,' says my father; 'I hope you're pretty middlin,' says he — 'Pretty well, thank'ee, Sir,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'sit down, Mr. Weller — pray sit down, Sir.' So my father sits down, and he and the gen'l'm'n looks werry hard at each other. 'You don't remember me?' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Can't say I do,' says my father. 'Oh, I know you,' says the gen'l'm'n; 'know'd you ven you was a boy,' says he. 'Well, I don't remember you,' says my father. 'That's werry odd,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Werry,' says my father. 'You must have a bad mem'ry, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Well, it is a werry bad 'un,' says my father. 'I thought so,' says the gen'l'm'n. So then they pours him out a glass o' wine, and gammons him about driving, and gets him into a reg'lar good humor, and at last shoves a twenty pound note in his hand. 'It's a werry bad road between his and London,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Here and there it is a werry heavy road,' says my father. 'Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'm'n. 'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father. 'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'm'n, 'you're a werry good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all werry fond o' you, Mr. Weller, so in case you *should* have an accident when you're a bringing these here woters down, and *should* tip 'em over into the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself,' says he. 'Gen'l'm'n, you're werry kind,' says my father, 'and I'll drink your health in another glass of wine,' says he; vich he did, and then buttons up the money, and bows himself out. You couldn't believe, Sir,' continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible imprudence at his master, 'that on the werry day as he came down with them

woters, his coach *was* upset on that 'ere werry spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal !

"And got out again?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"Why," replied Sam, very slowly, 'I rather think one oldgentleman was missin'; I know his bat was found, but I a'n't quite certain whether his head was in it or not. But what I look at, is the hex-traordinary, and wonderful coincidence, that arter what that gen'l'm'n said, my father's coach should be upset in that werry place, and on that werry day !"

We wish we had space for the admirable view of the interior of Dodson and Fog's law-office, and the faithful and striking picture of the unprincipled class to which those worthies belong ; but we must defer for the present farther notice of the Pickwickians.

'The Tuggs's at Ramsgate' have a short and simple but most humorous and instructive history. Mr. Joseph Tuggs, grocer, in a narrow street near the London Bridge, on the Surrey side of the Thames, is a green grocer. By the unexpected decision of a long-pending law suit, respecting the validity of a will, he suddenly becomes the possessor of twenty thousand pounds. The change effected in the views of the grocer and his family, by this fortunate result, is thus depicted :

"A prolonged consultation took place that night in the little parlor—a consultation that was to settle the future destinies of the Tuggs's. The shop was shut up at an unusually early hour ; and many were the unavailing kicks bestowed upon the closed door by applicants for quarters of sugar, or half quarters of bread, or penn'orths of pepper, which were to have been 'left till Saturday,' but which fortune had decreed were to be left alone altogether.

"We must certainly give up business," said Miss Tuggs.

"Oh, decidedly," said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Simon shall go to the bar," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

"And I shall always sign myself 'Cymon' in future," said his son.

"And I shall call myself Charlotta," said Miss Tuggs.

"And you must always call *me* 'Ma,' and father 'Pa,'" said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Yes, and Pa must leave off all his vulgar habits," interposed Miss Tuggs.

"I'll take care o' all that," responded Mr. Joseph Tuggs, complacently. He was at that very moment eating pickled salmon with a pocket-knife.

"We must leave town immediately," said Mr. Cymon Tuggs.

"Every body concurred that this was an indispensable preliminary to being genteel. The question then arose—where should they go ?

"Gravesend," mildly suggested Mr. Joseph Tuggs. The idea was unanimously scouted. Gravesend was *low*.

"Margate," insinuated Mrs. Tuggs. 'Worse and worse—nobody there but tradespeople.'

"Brighton!" Mr. Cymon Tuggs opposed an insurmountable objection. All the coaches had been upset in their turn within the last three weeks; each coach had averaged two passengers killed, and six wounded; and in every case the newspapers had distinctly understood that 'no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman.'

"Ramsgate!" ejaculated Mr. Cymon, thoughtfully. To be sure: how stupid they must have been not to have thought of that before. Ramsgate was just the place of all others that they ought to go to."

Passing the fine description of the voyage to Ramsgate, and the graphic portraits of the scheming Captain Waters and his lady, let us step on shore with the Tuggs's, from the newly-arrived steamer:

"The sun was shining brightly—the sea, dancing to its own music, rolled merrily in; crowds of people promenaded to and fro; young ladies tittered, old ladies talked, nurse-maids displayed their charms to the greatest possible advantage, and their sweet little charges ran up and down, and to and fro, and in and out, under the feet, and between the legs of the assembled concourse, in the most playful and exhilarating manner possible. There were old gentlemen trying to make out objects through long telescopes, and young ones making objects of themselves in open shirt collars; ladies carrying about portable chairs, and portable chairs carrying about invalids. Parties were waiting on the pier for parties who had come by the steam-boat; and nothing was to be heard but talking, laughing, welcoming, and merriment.

"Fly, Sir?" exclaimed a chorus of fourteen men and six boys, the moment that Mr. Joseph Tuggs, at the head of his little party, had set foot in the street.

"Here's the gen'l'm'n at last!" said one, touching his hat with mock politeness.

Werry glad to see you, Sir—been waitin' for you this six weeks. Jump in, if you please, Sir.

"Nice light fly, and a fast trotter, Sir," said another; 'fourteen mile a hour, and surroundin' objects rendered invisibile by hextreame velocity!'

"Large fly for your luggage, Sir," cried a third. 'Werry large fly here, Sir—reg'lar blue-bottle!'

"Here's your fly, Sir!" shouted another aspiring charioteer, mounting the box, and inducing an old gray horse to indulge in some imperfect reminiscences of a canter. 'Look at him, Sir!—temper of a lamb and haction of a steam-engin.'

"Resisting even the temptation of securing the services of so valuable a quadruped as the last named, Mr. Joseph Tuggs beckoned to the proprietor of a dingy conveyance of a greenish hue, lined with faded striped calico; and the luggage and the family having been deposited therein, the animal in the shafts, after describing circles in the road for a quarter of an hour, at last consented to depart in quest of lodgings.

"How many beds have you got?" screamed Mrs. Tuggs out of the fly, to the woman who opened the door of the first house, which displayed a bill, intimating that apartments were to be let within.

"How many did you want, ma'am?" was of course the reply.

"Three."

"Will you step in, ma'am?" Down got Mrs. Tuggs. The family were delighted. Splendid view of the sea from the front windows—charming! A short pause. Back came Mrs. Tuggs again. One parlor, and a mattress.

"Why did n't they say so at first?" inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, rather pettishly.

"Do n't know," said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Wretches!" exclaimed the nervous Cymon. Another bill—another stoppage. Same question—same answer—similar result.

"What do they mean by this?" inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, thoroughly out of temper.

"Do n't know," said the placid Mrs. Tuggs.

"Orvis the way here, Sir," said the driver, by way of accounting for the circumstance in a satisfactory manner; and off they went again, to make fresh inquiries, and encounter fresh disappointments.

"It had grown dusk when the 'fly'—the rate of whose progress greatly belied its name—after climbing up four or five perpendicular hills, stopped before the door of a dusty house, with a bay window, from which you could obtain a beautiful glimpse of the sea—if you thrust half your body out of it, at the imminent peril of falling into the area. Mrs. Tuggs alighted. One ground-floor, sitting-room, and three cells, with beds in them up stairs—a double house—family on the opposite side—five children milk-and-watering in the parlor, and one dear little boy, expelled for bad behaviour, screaming on his back in the passage."

A fashionable donkey-ride to the adjoining village of Pegwell, by the Tuggs's and Waters's is fruitful of ill adventure. For example:

"Kum up!" shouted one of the two boys who followed behind to propel the donkeys, when Belinda Waters and Charlotta Tuggs had been hoisted, and pushed, and pulled into their respective saddles.

"Hi—hi—hi!" groaned the other boy behind Mr. Cymon Tuggs. Away went the donkey, with the stirrups jingling against the heels of Cymon's boots, and Cymon's boots nearly scraping the ground.

"Way—way! Wo—o—o—!" cried Mr. Cymon Tuggs, as well as he could, in the midst of the jolting.

"Do n't make it gallop!" screamed Mrs. Captain Waters, behind.

"My donkey *will* go into the public-house!" shrieked Miss Tuggs, in the rear.

"Hi—hi—hi!" groaned both the boys together; and on went the donkeys as if nothing would ever stop them.

"Every thing has an end, however, and even the galloping of donkeys will cease in time. The animal which Mr. Cymon Tuggs bestrode, feeling sundry uncomfortable tugs at the bit, the object of which he could by no means understand, abruptly sidled against a brick wall, and expressed his uneasiness by grinding Mr. Cymon Tugg's leg on the rough surface. Mrs. Captain Waters's donkey, apparently under the influence of some playfulness of spirit, rushed suddenly, head first, into a hedge, and declined to come out again: and the quadruped on which Miss Tuggs was mounted, expressed his delight at this humorous proceeding, by firmly planting his fore-feet against the ground, and kicking up his hind-legs in a very agile, but somewhat alarming manner.

"This abrupt termination to the rapidity of the ride, naturally occasioned some confusion. Both the ladies indulged in vehement screaming for several minutes; and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, beside sustaining intense bodily pain, had the additional mental anguish of witnessing their distressing situation, without the power to rescue them, by reason of his leg being firmly screwed in between the animal and the wall. The efforts of the boys, however, assisted by the ingenious expedient of twisting the tail of the most rebel-

lous donkey, restored order in a much shorter time than could have reasonably been expected, and the little party jogged slowly on together."

Leaving, in justice to the publishers, the marrow of the story, to gratify the future curiosity of the reader, we turn to the second tale in the volume, and the only one with which 'Boz' has any thing to do — namely, 'Some Passages in the Life of Francis Loosefish, Esq.' The oblique humor of Charles Lamb, and his happy choice of language, may be seen throughout the whole of this sketch. We select a few characteristic extracts:

"I could endure this sort of thing no longer. I felt that I could not. I would pay no more debts. My creditors must consent to remain *in statu quo* until I could turn myself round. I settled this in my own mind during the preceding night — a night of restlessness and feverish anxiety. The pleasures of reading are manifold, and while they had me in their books, a record of strange and intense interest would never be wanting to them. I would say to them, in the words of my favorite author,

'If you have writ your annals true — 't is there;'

And there, an' it please you, it must continue to remain.

"Filled with this irrevocable resolution, I arose and dressed myself. I must leave my lodgings that very day. It would be well also to arrange and take a mental inventory of my wearing apparel, and goods, chattels, and appurtenances of whatever description. New lodgings are strange, and sometimes dangerous domiciles. Honesty is a scarce article — very few have Blackstone at their fingers' ends. I found, then, after I had completed my toilet, my extra wardrobe to consist of one pair of azure unwhisperables, in a rapid decline from exposure to incessant thorough-drafts — a shirt which had stuck to me through good and evil report, with more adhesive attachment than did the shirt of Nessus, the Centaur, to the limbs of Hercules — and two pair of old, exceeding old stockings, such as, to judge them by their appearance, might have been knitted by Mary Queen of Scots, for her husband Darnley.

"Over and above this abundance of gear, I could boast a razor, better fitted to take off the beards of oysters than of men — a small tooth-brush, and a large tooth comb, the bristles of one about equal in number to the teeth of the other — a superannuated hair-brush that could make itself useful as a battledore — and a locket, presented to me by my cousin Ellen, of inestimable worth to me, but of no great intrinsic value: indeed, a nominal relative of mine, whose house may at any time be recognised by its fanciful decoration of three gilded balls, had apprized me, only a few days previously, that the *bijou* in question was not worth two-pence."

Mr. Loosefish's reasons for so precipitate a retreat from his lodgings are given in a few words:

"In the first place, Gripe, a sheriff's officer for the county of Middlesex, a man who had paralyzed more shoulder-blades than any two bailiffs extant, was on the look out after me. I had heard — heard of, nay I had seen him. He was pervading Pentonville like a pestilence, and he wanted to take measure of me, on an old suit, with a long piece of parchment. In the second place, my landlord had disgusted me. Some men are absurdly unreasonable. He wanted his little bill. He resided, as I have hinted, at Pentonville. He was by name Sullen, by profession a milkman, by habit a drunkard. Pentonville was a pleasant place — very much so. Milk is nutritious, the breath of cows wholesome. Nor was Sullen, during the earlier period of my sojourn with him, either an unamiable or an unintellectual character. It was he who exploded the vulgar error that gentlemen in his line put chalk into their milk. He was decisive upon that point. He said it was not *chalk*.

"But as time wore away, a change much to be deprecated took place in the manners and behaviour of my landlord. Whether it was that his cows yielded milk less kindly than heretofore, or that he himself possessed less of the milk of human kindness, was at that time a problem to me, until at length the unworthy truth flashed upon me. Yes, I saw by the gradually intenser blueness, which was now become blackness of his physiognomy, and the half-and-half pepper-and-salt expression in the face of his wife (a worthy woman, too), that they expected long arrears of rent from me. They wanted their little bill."

After divers adventures, our hero finds new quarters; but what 'him there befel,' is best recorded in his own language:

"The landlord, as I entered the house, was staring with all his might at a wizened

lemon, suspended from a hook in a small net; and yawning, (for by this strange process he had been endeavoring to stave off slumber,) demanded my pleasure.

"Can I have a bed here to-night?" I inquired, with my accustomed suavity.

"Certainly, Sir," replied the host, "if you do not mind sleeping with another gentleman in the room."

"Not in the least. Misery, landlord, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, as our great bard says."

"Ah!" said the host, as though he understood something, but did not exactly know what. "Here, Betsey, show this gentleman the room."

"This honest fellow sleeps soundly," thought I, when the girl had retired, and left me alone with my companion; "if snoring conduce to slumber, he is fast enough."

I stumbled accidentally against the bed. For this I was sorry at the time, for I would not willingly mar the repose of any human being. The unknown turned himself round, with a blaspheming grunt, and I saw his face gradually relapse into quiescent innocuousness.

"I saw his face subside, as I have stated, and moved not; for I had no power to move. It was Gripe, the bailiff! My Pentonville persecutor lay before me! 'Affable wolf! meek bear!' and his withering digits were harmlessly expanded on the counterpane. Now could I have devised engines for his life, but that my senses presently returning, warned me to provide for my own safety. With the cautious retrogression of a crab, therefore, I left the dreaded sleeper, and forthwith applied the little foolscap of an extinguisher to the candle, which was perhaps the very wisest thing I ever did in my life. Sinking into bed, I lay in horrible suspense. Perhaps he might be dreaming of me, and would rise while I slept and by some preternatural instinct lay hands upon his quaking victim. Awaking from uneasy repose, I arose about five in the morning, with a sort of *tic douloureux* in my left shoulder, impossible to be described.

"The coat of my ruthless companion lay beside me. I took it up and examined the contents of the pockets. Among other slips of parchment, (I think they term them writs,) was one calling upon the sheriff of Middlesex, greeting, to secure me forthwith; stating that I owed 54l. 8s. to two gentlemen of similar names, and describing me as at present employed in 'running up and down my bailiwick.' This and the other similar documents I destroyed, and dressing myself hastily, took my leave in deep disgust of a man who, hardened by long and debasing custom, had evidently quite forgotten that liberty is not only the birthright but the privilege of Englishmen."

Mr. Loosfish at last takes the advice of a friend of whom he has adroitly borrowed ten pounds, and seeks him out a place where he may superadd board to his lodging. He succeeds in finding a home suited to his ostensible character and condition—for he is now 'unexpectedly detained in London by a law-suit, involving a vast sum, and has foolishly sent on his wardrobe, (except a small change of linen,) to Paris, where his father the General has long resided.' At the end of his first three weeks, in his new lodgings, the landlady intimates, obliquely, that she thinks it high time 'somebody had a sight of somebody's money.' In vain Mr. Loosfish starts at the knock of the postman, and curses his Parisian correspondent. His hostess 'smokes' him. *She*, too, wants 'her little bill.' He is 'perplex in the extreme,' and—after severe mental struggles, and calculating the chances of a loan from some of the boarders, whose apparent dispositions, gathered from a short acquaintance, he canvasses with great discrimination—he at last pitches upon a benevolent, exemplary lodger, a great favorite with the landlady, who is understood to be very wealthy, as the man best fitted to be favored with an opportunity of conferring a small obligation upon him, in the loan of ten pounds. What follows cannot be clipped of a paragraph. It is rich and rare:

"One night I was left alone with the philanthropist. The ladies had gone to a minor theatre with tickets; Cox was rasping away at his violoncello in the back parlor. Trotter was dozing over the fire, with the cat on one knee, and a cotton-pocket-handkerchief (he hated Bandanas) on the other. He looked the impersonation of disinterestedness. Ten pounds! It was a trifle.

"A cough was no bad introduction to subjects of this nature. I was seized with an opportune fit, which awoke him.

"I am really very rude to fall asleep in your company," said the benevolent creature.

"Not in the least, Mr. Trotter," said I, with a polite bow. The time was come. I trembled with agitation.

"Will you excuse, Mr. Trotter," I resumed, 'the liberty I am about to take, in asking a very extraordinary favor. My agent, Sir, has been culpably remiss—my remittances

have not yet come to hand — and that excellent and truly intelligent woman — Mrs. Moon, I mean — is naturally solicitous — excessively so — about my little' (here I smiled and interposed 'pshaw!') — 'my absurdly small account.'

"My dear Mr. Loosfish, how can I serve you?" said my companion, looking about the room, with an air of vague surprise.

"Simply and briefly, Sir, by the trifling loan of ten pounds, for a very short time."

"Trotter fell back in his chair, with the most original face ever invented."

"My dear good Sir," said he, "this is the most extraordinary application —"

"Peculiar, I admit," said I, slightly chapfallen, "but let me hope not offensively bold, or —"

"No — no — I'm not offended, far from it!" cried he; "but then, to make such a request to me — to me —"

"Nay, Mr. Trotter," and I smiled seductively, and shook my head — "I have long marked your virtues — your qualities of head and heart —"

"I paused, for my friend was cogitating deeply. There was a long silence, only broken by occasional bursts of anguish from the overwrought violoncello, which Cox, seemingly excited to frenzy, was wreaking himself upon in the back parlor."

"Mr. Loosfish," said Trotter, at length, in a tone perfectly novel to my ear — "you are a man of the world — I can see that — so am I. You have placed confidence in me — it shall not be broken. Can you be secret?"

"I bowed."

"You want ten pounds," continued Trotter, lowering his voice, and pushing his finger toward the door of the back parlor; "you have been living here upon speculation — without any certain means, eh? Come, confess it."

"Sir!" cried I, with becoming indignation, "do not presume —"

"I know you have," said Trotter; "a word in your ear: — *so have I!*"

"It was now my turn to fall back in my chair, while Trotter indulged in a series of regularly measured winks."

"Why! Trotter, you astonish me! — you must be joking!"

"A fact," said the wealthy old gentleman.

"Why, you've been living here six months!"

"More," said Trotter; "and the deuce a farthing have I paid. But a certain person will very soon be Mrs. Trotter."

"I could have hugged to my bosom the ingenious, but I fear I must call him the unprincipled, old gentleman."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "You must n't stay here; you'll disconcert my plan — they'll perhaps suspect me. I'll guaranty the debt you owe them. I'll take it upon myself, and when I'm married you shall have twenty pounds. But a young fellow like you need never want money. Were you ever in love?"

"I have felt that passion, Trotter, but marriage —"

"The thing I mean," said he. "Have you ever thought about it?"

"Why, no," said I, "not so deeply, perhaps —"

"As its importance demands," interrupted Trotter: "only think, a rich widow, with freeholds, or long leases; or a soft spinster, with hard cash as a set off."

"Not to be had, old fellow, not to be had."

"Ay, but to be imagined, young fellow. Here's a secret for you that, if you have any friends, shall melt them; that will thaw the most Hyperborean tailor; that will provide furniture, lease, fixtures, every thing. *Say* you are going to be married."

"Say you're going to be married!" It had a plausible and pleasing degree of fiction to recommend it.

"Try it short," said Trotter, "going to be married," and he repeated the golden sentence, as though parading it for my inspection.

"Going to be married!" it was still better. "Trotter," cried I, and I took up my candle, "it will do. Good night! — God bless you!"

"How unaccountable that I never should have hit upon it! Why, my uncle in the country, whom I had given up in despair, must come down upon so special a plea. It was worth a cool hundred or two at least. Even Magson would be practicable after this. Going to be married?" I slept upon it."

* * * * *

"I tried the new invention upon a tailor in Oxford-street the very next morning. It succeeded to admiration, and within a week I was in a situation to take leave of Mrs. and Miss Moon and the two gentlemen, in a suit of superfine Saxony, that might have defied the criticism of a Brummel."

"To you, dear madam," said I, addressing my kind hostess, while a tear worked its passage into my eye, "to you I feel that I shall be eternally indebted." And here I think I may take credit to myself for the utterance of strict and open truth. "But to Mr. Trotter," I continued, "I acknowledge myself under an obligation which can never be effaced."

"He is indeed a kind soul," cried Mrs. Moon, turning a soft eye upon the counterfeit Cræsus, who bowed deprecatingly. "Every thing has been satisfactorily arranged, Mr."

Loosefish; we shall be happy to see you whenever you pass our way. Good-bye. Farewell.”

We have dwelt at some length upon the recent writings of ‘Boz,’ the more because we have been compelled to pass his previous efforts with but slight comment. And in conclusion, we can only repeat, that of all humorous writers of the present era, commend us to the renowned author of the ‘Papers of the Pickwick Club.’

THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING. In one volume. pp. 143. Boston: WILLIAM S. DAMRELL and SAMUEL COLMAN. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS little volume is, without exception, the best work of the kind which it has ever been our good fortune to read. The name of the author is not given; but we have somewhere seen it mentioned, that it is written by a lady: if this be so, Miss SEDGWICK must be that lady, or some equally gifted female is treading closely in her steps, in the department of domestic literature. The ‘three experiments of living’ described, are ‘living within the means, living up to the means, and living beyond the means;’ and each division is illustrated by incidents simple in themselves, but highly effective, and even dramatic. The style is plain, nervous, and easy, and the inculcations of the work are all fraught with the best tendencies.

Without trespassing too far upon the condensed interest of the book, we offer two extracts — the first containing the complaints of a poor and sick woman, the causes for which we fear are but too common, and the second some just and forcible comments upon a grievous folly on the part of a large portion of the American people, resident in our cities:

“The next day Jane went to see Mrs. Barber, and proposed to her her plan of clothing the children, and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude, and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs. Hart among them, Mrs. Barber said, ‘Indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me any thing, if she will only pay me what is justly my due.’ Jane now learned, with astonishment, that the poor woman had washed ‘in her kitchen’ for nearly a year, without being able to obtain payment.

“‘It was for that, madam, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress; and she did, you know, pay me a small sum. I have credited her for that; but it is a small part of what she owes me.’

“‘I hope,’ said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind, ‘I hope there are few such instances as this.’

“‘I never met with such a one — not exactly’ — added she hesitatingly; but, indeed, madam, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day’s work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately; and yet many ’s the time when I have depended upon one day’s wages for my children’s food for the next.’

“‘It must be such a trifle to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away, they will pay you.’

“‘It is because it is such a trifle to them, I suppose,’ said the woman, ‘that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Some how or other, rich ladies never have any thing they call *change*, and they are very apt to say, ‘they will remember it,’ and ‘another time will do as well;’ and so it is as well for *them*, but not for us.’

“Mrs. Barber’s heart seemed to be quite opened by Jane’s sympathy, and she went on.

“‘Indeed, ma’am, I sometimes think there is more kindness toward the poor than there is justice. The ladies are very good in getting up societies and fairs to help us; but they very often seem unwilling to pay us the full price of our labor. If they would *pay* us well, and *give* us less, it would be better for us.’

“‘Perhaps you are right,’ said Jane, ‘about paying for work; but only think how much good has been done by fairs!’

“‘Yes, ma’am; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and who was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious

little things that they sell at fairs; but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her; for she says the market is overrun.

"The right way," said Jane, "would be to employ these people to work for others, and instead of the ladies making pin-cushions and emery-bags, to buy them ready-made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor; for what one class could not make, another could, and labor would be exchanged."

"I do n't know how it ought to be settled. Perhaps it is all right as it is; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma'am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come *about* 9 o'clock in the morning to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are—sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me; and time, to daily laborers, is money. My husband was a carpenter; and he used to say, that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them, for he gave them *time*. One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could not put a shelf up here, or make a closet there; and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have any thing done, and he had his trouble for his pains."

"All the wrongs you have mentioned," said Jane, "seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence."

"That's pretty much what I said, ma'am, at first—that now-a-days there was more kindness to the poor than justice. If I was paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for clothes, sometimes for *pay*—for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home—I should be better off than I am now. To be sure, it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they do n't go upon interest like larger ones."

"You seem to have thought a good deal on this subject," said Jane.

"I take it," said Mrs. Barber, "that we must all *think*; at least, I never saw the time when I could drive thoughts out of my head, though I am sure, when you first took me up, it was sad enough to think; and if it had not been for my poor children, I should have been glad enough to have laid down in the cold grave, and thought no more in this world."

The subjoined remarks close the first division of the volume—"living *within* the means."

"We fear there are few who sincerely repeat, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'"

"This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend—with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessing of an amiable disposition; what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's? They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself."

"It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were *home* pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated, and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. This is, in fact, to be his text-book and his ægis. Not what others do—not what *seems* necessary and fitting to his station in life, but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide is in reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up, what, in a political view alone, is dross, compared to independence of character and habits? Shall we, who can call master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the hard-earned victory of freedom and independence, give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our sea-ports, and are hastening toward the interior. Well may British travellers scoff, when they come among us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life—its feathers and gewgaws—our habits and customs, made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt

the good of every nation — their arts and improvements, their noble and liberal institutions, their literature, and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard. Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation, that has given a color to the charge made against us, by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path, with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, retire to a distance, and pelt us with rubbish."

We are glad to learn that three editions of this little book have already been published; and we hope its dissemination will eventually be so wide as to place it in the hands of every intelligent American family throughout the union.

A MONTH OF FREEDOM. AN AMERICAN POEM. pp. 90. New-York: GEORGE W. HOLLEY.

THERE are many fine poetical *thoughts* in the compass of this little book, but in general the *execution* is less creditable to the author. He lacks harmony of language, and his metrical ear is lamentably imperfect. With proper cultivation, and a due familiarity with good models, we might anticipate much improvement upon the volume before us; and we cannot but hope that so much native ore as may here be seen gleaming through the rough soil, will not hereafter be presented to the public without adequate filtration. A single extract will serve to explain our remarks, both of praise and deprecation. It is descriptive of the view from the 'Catskill Mountain House':

"On the high mountain top, far, far above
The world! A wild, wide, boiling sea of mist
Is spread around, the beautiful phantasm
Of the true ocean, which once swept above
These glowing lands. Its pale waves roll not now
With the free dash of life, but slowly rise
Like phantoms, and with ghost-like motion glide
Along, to dash all noiselessly against
The rock-bound shore. And yet 't is like, so like
The wide deep sea, that fancy peoples it
With the strange monsters of the deep, and we
Can scarce believe that fellow-mortals there
Beneath the waves are toiling carelessly
In the dull work of life. Its spectral depths
Are opening now, and bright and verdant isles
Are shining through. Again the misty waves
Close over them, and all is ocean now.
Again bright fields and dark-green woods shine through
The rent veil, and its scattered folds are rolled
Into light fleecy clouds, which float along
Upon the summer wind. And now these melt
Before the glowing sun, and naught is left
But dazzling, beautiful reality.

"The golden hue of harvest — the dark woods —
The bright green pasture lands — the rivulet
Alike a white thread thrown all carelessly
On the green velvet — the low rustic roof —
The distant village glittering with the sun —
The river calmly lying there alike
A polish'd mirror, and the whiter sail
Gleaming on its bright waters — those green isles
Like emeralds set in silver — and the far,
Wide landscape spreading on beyond
In still extending beauty, till the eye
Is pained, the soul dazzled — faint — bewildered."

Our author has evidently the 'dew of his youth;' and with the fresh poetical impulses of that golden period, doubtless his pen will not be idle. But he should study metrical cadence, and revise more carefully.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. LEMUEL HAYNES. By the Rev. Dr. COOLEY and the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE. In one volume. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is the title of a very handsome volume, just issued from the press of the Messrs. HARPER, which will not detract in the least from the character and reputation which they have deservedly obtained as publishers. On the contrary, we believe that they have brought the religious community under increased obligations to them, by sending forth this work to the world. It is not to be supposed that all who may read this book, will agree with every religious opinion of the subject of these 'Sketches;' yet it is as undeniable, that no one can read the work without interest. The Rev. Dr. Cooley has sketched the character of this extraordinary individual in a very happy and able manner, and he will have his reward. When we say of the late Rev. Mr. Haynes, that he was an 'extraordinary individual,' we say no more than every one will say, who becomes acquainted with the history of his life.

He was born under peculiar circumstances, on the 18th of July, 1753, and died in 1833. He was of 'unmingled African extraction' on his father's side, was abandoned by his parents in early infancy, and 'was never, to the end of his life, favored with a single expression of a mother's kindness.' When he was five months old, he was bound as a servant to a pious man, in whose family he was treated with kindness and tenderness. When a boy, and as he grew up, he manifested all faithfulness to his trust, so that his master's business was placed, to a great extent, under his care. After arriving at mature age, he met with 'a saving change of heart,' and united himself with the Christian church. He became connected with the American army in 1774, and proved true to his country in many campaigns—all, as he expresses himself, 'for the sake of freedom and independence.' After serving his country faithfully, he devoted himself to the work of the ministry, and preached the gospel until the close of his life. His triumphant death, with the circumstances attending it, are recorded in such wise as to show that 'the end of the righteous is peace.' The letters, sermons, and anecdotes contained in the volume, exhibit the character of the man, the patriot, the servant of Christ, and the true philanthropist. His life was full of events—his death replete with instruction.

PAULDING'S WORKS. Volumes XII., XIII., and XIV. Containing 'The Dutchman's Fireside,' and 'The Book of St. Nicholas.' New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It is not our intention, in the present dearth of novelty in the literary world, to intrude upon the reader a labored review of a work so well known to the American public as the 'Dutchman's Fireside,' one of the most popular productions of its popular author. We shall content ourselves with saying, that it is now presented in the neat and tasteful dress in which all the preceding numbers of the series have been clad—and this is quite all that is necessary to say in regard to the character of the externals.

'The Book of St. Nicholas,' a volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, contains the following stories, among which the reader will perceive several pleasant acquaintances, with whom he will be glad to renew an intimacy: 'The Legend of St. Nicholas;' 'The Little Dutch Sentinel of the Manhadoes;' 'Cobus Yerks;' 'A Strange Bird in Nieuw-Amsterdam;' 'Claas Schlaschenschlinger;' 'The Revenge of St. Nicholas;' 'The Origin of the Bakers' Dozen;' 'The Ghost;' 'The Nymph of the Mountain;' and 'The Ride of St. Nicholas on New-Year's Eve.'

SCENES IN SPAIN. In one volume. pp. 334. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN.

WE have read this volume attentively through; and when we say that we accomplished it at two sittings, we think the declaration should serve as collateral evidence, at least, that the work possesses the power to interest the reader in a remarkable degree. It frequently reminds us, by the vividness of its descriptions, its variety of topic, and the vein of pleasantry which pervades it, of 'A Year in Spain,' and 'Spain Revisited,' by Lieutenant SLIDELL; although in some instances the style is too diffuse to favor the idea of a kindred paternity. We select a solitary passage, descriptive of the Giralda cathedral of Genoa, as a fair specimen of the ease with which our author records his impressions:

"Passing along the street of Genoa, which was filled with shops of trades-people, I presently came to the famous old cathedral, and was equally surprised at the grandeur of its dimensions and the irregularity of its form. Beside it rose the tall tower of the Giralda, a light Moorish edifice, whose height the Christians increased by adding a belfry at the summit, where hang a great many bells, big and little, bearing the dignified appellations of San Pedro, San Pablo, and a score of saints, male and female, painted over each. I toiled my way up the winding staircase, not on an armed war-horse, as did some knights of old, nor on a donkey, like one of the good queens of Spain, but as an humble pedestrian; stopping at intervals to get breath, and then plodding upward and upward till I reached a little shrine and image of Our Lady, and presently stepped forth upon the terrace. Just above stands the Giralda, the brazen female image which has given its name to the tower, and is the grand weathercock of Seville. Perhaps to the amiableness of this brazen dame, who whirls about with every breeze, so that one knows not how to take her, may be traced the phrase of 'hija de la Giralda,' a term of reproach to such giddy people as tell wild tales, and contradict the assertion of one moment by the asseveration of the next.

"Though the exterior of the cathedral was a venerable mass of deformity, the interior was a happy union of simplicity and grandeur, with its long solemn aisles, its sturdy stone columns, and its bold arches of massive mason work, which time had tinged with a dusky and sombre hue. Priests were moving across the aisles in different directions, some going to perform their devotions at one altar, some at another; for, from the vast size of the church, the prayers offered at one shrine were inaudible at the rest. Devotees, mostly women, were scattered about the church, kneeling with rosary in hand before the shrines of the various saints. In this way they make the morning round from altar to altar, with the customary prayers and genuflections at each shrine, and obtain thereby a certain number of days of indulgence. Here and there, a stranger, brought thither like myself more by curiosity than devotion, and inattentive to holier things, might be seen gazing with admiration on the glittering ornaments of the altars, measuring with his eye the grandeur of the long aisles of this noble temple, or studying with delight the faithful nature and sweet simplicity of Murillo's pencil in some of his most happy efforts. Not even in the churches in Spain is one free from the tormenting importunity of beggars. I was admiring a delightful painting of the great Spanish artist, where an angel is represented leading a bright-eyed boy by the hand, when an old woman, with a long rosary in her hand, and her sallow, wrinkled face half covered by a tattered and long mantilla, came up to me to solicit alms. She told me the usual tale, perhaps too often true, of a husband sick and helpless, and a house full of starving children. I have noticed that the mendicants get more from the priests than from any one else; they doubtless have an interest in thus cultivating the affections of the poorer classes. At all events, it is but a just retribution, that they who live idly and luxuriously by the sweat of the poor man's brow, should restore a little of their gettings in the shape of alms.

"In wandering about the church, my attention was attracted by a rough sculpture on the pavement of an antiquated ship or galley, surmounting an inscription. It was much worn by the feet and knees of the pious, for it was just in front of a shrine. On examining the inscription, I found it was the tomb of the Adelantado, the son of that great but unfortunate and injured man who discovered the far-off country from which I had begun my wanderings."

WE abstain from farther extracts, not for the reason that there is not a rich field for selection, but because we have already quoted largely from works on Spain in this department; and furthermore, we lack, at this present, the 'ample room and verge enough' of the poet, for our purpose. We must not omit to add, however, that the volume is executed in a very superior manner, and embellished with two fine engravings by HINSHELWOOD, from paintings by CHAPMAN.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDWIN FORREST. — The success of our countryman FORREST in England is not less honorable to his genius and character, than it is gratifying to his numerous friends and admirers in America. His whole career, since his first appearance on the boards of Drury Lane, has been one of constant triumph, until he at last stands on a prouder histrionic eminence than in his most sanguine moments he could ever have hoped to attain. The journals of the metropolis, with but one or two exceptions, unite in awarding to him the first place among living actors, in either hemisphere; and his personations, in their entire detail, of Shakspeare's heroes, are pronounced in many respects equal, if not superior, to the best of the elder KEAN. We gather from a recent letter of Mr. FORREST's, in the *Plaindealer*, of this city, that the honors which have been privately tendered him in London have been more gratifying than his public reception. At a dinner given him by the Garrick Club, Sergeant TALFOURD, author of 'Ion,' presided, and made a highly complimentary speech, to which Mr. FORREST replied. MACREADY had welcomed and applauded him in the warmest manner; and from MESSRS. STEPHEN PRICE and CHARLES KEMBLE he had received three swords, which were once the property of JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, TALMA, and KEAN, as tokens of the admiration and esteem of the donors. An original portrait, in oil, of GARRICK had also been presented him, and his own, in the character of Macbeth, in the dagger-scene, was in preparation for the next exhibition at the Somerset House. At the last advices, Mr. FORREST was performing an engagement at Liverpool, to crowded audiences. The journals of that city are unanimous and enthusiastic in his praise. After a brief engagement at Manchester, he was to return to London, to appear in a new tragedy written expressly for him by Miss Mitford, and in the character of Richard the Third, in the representation of which he conceives some important changes for the better may be made. We hope the lesson conveyed in the following passage from Mr. FORREST's letter, will not be lost upon American audiences: 'The London audiences have a quick and keen perception of the beauties of the drama. They seem, from the timeliness and proportion of their applause, to possess a previous knowledge of the text. They applaud warmly, but seasonably. They do not interrupt a passion, and oblige the actor to sustain it beyond the propriety of nature; but if he delineates it forcibly and truly, they reward him in the intervals of the dialogue. Variations from the accustomed modes — though not in any palpable new readings, which for the most part are bad readings, for there is generally but one mode positively correct, and that has not been left for us to discover — but slight changes in emphasis, tone, or action — delicate shadings and pencilings — are observed with singular and most gratifying quickness. You find that your study of Shakspeare has not been thrown away; that your attempt to grasp the character in its 'gross and scope,' as well as in its detail, so as not merely to know how to speak what is written, but to preserve its truth and keeping in a new succession of incidents, could it be exposed to them — you find that this is seen and appreciated by the audience; and the evidence that they see and feel, is given with an emphasis and heartiness that make the theatre shake.'

Copies of a fine portrait of Mr. FORREST, published in London, have reached this country, and his friends may interchange 'greetings of the face' with him, by calling at the publishing office of this Magazine.

PARK THEATRE — 'ION.' — In the production of this classic gem, the modern drama has received a treasure as unexpected as it was desirable. The wondrous surprise, indeed, which this exquisite poem has awakened, would hardly have been exceeded, if in these degenerate days of *'les beaux arts'* a second Raphael had arisen, and cast forth upon the dreaming world some mighty master-piece — perfect as the enclosed gem of Minerva's Phidian buckler. Nothing so strictly pure in its language, so classical in the imagery of its thoughts — nothing so free from the pedantry of the schools, and yet so replete with learning — so full of poetry imbued with the strength of truth — has fallen upon our times. 'Ion' sustains all its pretensions. There is the magnificent simplicity of genius in its design — the soul of poetry in the sublime tracery of its thoughts — truth in the delineation of its characters — probability in the consummation of its events — deep and exciting interest in its story — all hallowed by the solemn charm which the fatal principle of destiny has thrown around it. Yet 'Ion' is for the closet. It seems like desecration to attempt an exhibition of its delicate perfections upon the stage. There is something too material in the means which the best theatres can afford, to give a just perception of the beauties of 'Ion.' It is not the fault of the play, but its very purity, its intellectual grace, which unfits it for stage representation. A host of angels, or the embodied spirits of the Argive heroes themselves, not to speak profanely, might enact 'Ion.' No mortal *'corps dramatique'* can ever hope to portray its divine spirit. Miss ELLEN TREE has too much judgment, and a taste too refined, to be guilty of an impropriety. She could not outrage the spirit of the purest poetry that ever was written. On the contrary, we know of no artist whose style is more truly classic, or more strictly under the control of a cultivated judgment. As the tresses which shade the glowing beauties of Titian's Magdalen require the closest scrutiny to make the observer fully sensible of their minute proportions, so is it necessary, to a just appreciation of 'Ion,' that it be deeply studied, and that its delicate, half-hidden glories be brought before the mind by a process to which the rough glare and glitter of the stage are totally inadequate. If, then, Miss Tree cannot, from its peculiar delicacy, do justice to the exquisite poetry of 'Ion,' what can be expected of the rest of the *corps dramatique*? Mrs. GURNER's *Clemanthe* does her infinite honor. She reads the part with true judgment, and evinces a just appreciation of its beauties, by her manner of expressing them: yet it is not the *Clemanthe* of the poet — for the same reason and no other, that the 'Ion' of Miss Tree is not the character which floats in the mind of every intelligent reader of this beautiful creation. What shall we say, after this, of the men who have been thrust into this world of delicate imaginings? As well might the manager of a theatre fancy it possible that his company could represent the 'Paradise Lost,' with all its ethereal and divine personages, as to believe it probable that they could attempt the characters of 'Ion' without the grossest sacrilege. Is it not too bad? — and we appeal to any person who has beheld the profanation — is it not too bad, to hear the present substitute of *Agenor* speak such lines as these:

——— 'Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress; as the store
Of rainbow-color which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower.'

Or fancy *Ctesiphon*, through his present representative, giving utterance, in the off-hand way of a gentleman directing his coachman, to the following exquisite picture:

'Go teach the eagle when in azure heaven
He upward darts to seize his maddened prey,
Shivering through the death-circle of its fear,
To pause and let it 'scape, and thou may'st win
Man to forego the sparkling round of power,
When it floats airily within his grasp!'

But it is not with the performers, generally, that we have any right to find fault. We

chiefly regret the *necessity* which compels them thus to profane some of the most graceful trceries which the genius of poetry ever conceived. It is the entire *spirit* of the poem which cannot be expressed on the stage, and which must cause the judicious to grieve that it has ever been attempted. Shakspeare's most delicate fancies have been sometimes desecrated by a stage performance, but seldom so foully as this poetry of TALFOURD'S. The play of 'Ion,' although of a totally different character from 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' is no more fit for representation than even this most fairy-like vision of the great dramatist; and we should as soon expect to see 'Moonshine' faithfully portrayed by the palpable substance of a stout comedian, as to find the poetry and sentiment of 'Ion' justly conveyed through the medium of stage representation. 'Ion' has been played, and we are forced to believe in the words of *Clemathe*, that

'Austere remembrance of the deed will hang
Upon its delicate spirit like a cloud,
And tinge its world of happy images
With hues of horror.'

E.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — All who have read BYRON'S 'Mazeppa,' should attend its representation at this Theatre. Beyond question, it is the finest spectacle of the kind ever produced in this country; and hence it is not surprising that this large and well-regulated establishment is nightly filled to overflowing with delighted auditors. Lacking both room and time for a notice of the play, in detail, we avail ourselves of the annexed brief description, from the *Evening Star*: 'The whole is truly magnificent. What seem to produce the most effect, are the chariots drawn by six superb Arab steeds; the long procession of Tartar horsemen winding up the distant mountains — the minarets, and mosques, and towers, seen in the distance — the combats of knights — the sword and shield dance of the ladies of Mr. COOKE'S Circus — a *pas de deux* by Miss COOKE and Mr. JACKSON, and a wreath-dance by the beautiful little grand-children of Mr. COOKE: all these excite prodigious applause. Then we have the white horse of Mazeppa, flying from mountain to mountain, or swimming the Dnieper, with the unfortunate victim on his back, until victory crowns him a king, amidst the terrific combat and *melee* of armored knights on horseback, troops on foot, thunders of artillery, and the conflagration of the castle. This spectacle should run at least a hundred nights.'

ENGLISH WORKS ON THE FINE ARTS. — A rich treat may be enjoyed in looking over the various publications which are temptingly displayed on the centre-table of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. Among those lately received from 'the great metropolis,' we have had great pleasure in examining Harding's Port-Folio, with twenty-four artist-like sketches, executed in a novel style, in imitation of the original drawings; 'The Andalusian Annual,' 'comprising,' as the book-sellers say, twelve richly-colored prints of Spanish costume, with several pieces of music; 'Finden's Tableaux,' a truly superb work, eclipsing all its rivals in the finish of its illustrations; The 'Gallery of the Graces,' and the 'Gallery of Byron Beauties,' with those of SCOTT and SHAKSPEARE, an array of most lovely faces; 'Spanish Sketches, and 'The Alhambra,' by LEWIS; 'Coast Scenery, by STANFIELD; 'North Wales, by ROSCOE; Illustrations of Shakspeare, by the celebrated RETSCH, etc. Next to travelling, is the pleasure of seeing foreign scenes of interest well depicted by eminent artists, and next to gazing upon the face of a lovely woman, commend us to her 'counterfeit presentment.'

TAXES ON LITERATURE — IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN BOOKS. — Now that the subject of international copy-right law is fairly before the American Congress, a word or two respecting the heavy and unreasonable restrictions imposed by our government upon English publications, imported into the United States, may not be irrelevant or out of place. The present duty — twenty-six cents per pound weight on books in boards, and thirty cents per pound on those in leather binding — generally enhances the cost from twenty-five to fifty per cent. The duty on a set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for instance, is not less than thirty-five dollars. This enormous tax is paid by our literary men and reading community, whenever they require any of the valuable and important foreign works which have never been, and are not likely to be, re-published in this country — particularly scientific works, necessary for our practical mechanics and civil engineers, and the classics etc., for students, to whom many foreign works are very desirable, but from which they are often precluded, by the expense thus largely increased. We do not advocate the interests of any one party or class, in opposition to those of another. On the contrary, we think that the very spirit of our system of legislation ought to be with reference to the rights of the many — of the majority. What, then, is the other side of this question? Who are benefitted by the present system? If any, they are, in our opinion, two or three publishing houses only; and we believe that even these are not so much so as they may perhaps suppose. What, we may ask, would be the effect of a reduction or abolition of this duty? Would it curtail the business of American publishers? We answer confidently in the negative. The same class of books which have been heretofore re-printed, would continue to be re-produced in the same abundance, if there were no restrictions on foreign editions, for the obvious reason that most of them, at least, can be published here for one half or one fourth the English price, while at the same time those voluminous and heavy works which, however desirable, are too costly to be re-printed, might be furnished here at a very material reduction from the present prices.

Is it *just*, then, that the whole reading community should be thus heavily taxed, to subserve the interests, real or imaginary, of a very few individuals? With all due deference to the rights of the very respectable and enterprising gentlemen engaged in re-publishing foreign books, we are confident that if this matter were placed before congress in its true light, the duty on books would at least be modified, if not entirely repealed. Even in Great-Britain, where these restrictions and taxes are notoriously great, the duty on foreign books is but sixpence sterling, or eleven cents per pound. Now that the excess of revenue warrants a material alteration in our tariff, we hope that literature, at least, will be the first article freed from its shackles.

While on the subject of foreign literature, we would refer the reader to the advertisement of Messrs. WILEY and PUTNAM, in reference to importing books from abroad. The last-named gentleman has recently returned from a bibliographical tour through Great-Britain, France, and Germany, during which he made arrangements for executing orders for private libraries, as well as for universities and literary institutions, which receive their importations free of duty. The library of Columbia College and the Mercantile Library have lately been enriched by many rare and valuable works imported by this house; and we deem ourselves performing an acceptable service to the public, by a reference to the advantages and facilities at their command.

LITHOGRAPHY. — Mr. HENRI HEIDEMANS, an artist of fine powers, lately arrived in this country, has recently produced two beautiful specimens of the lithographic art, in the portraits of FORREST and AUGUSTA, just published by COLMAN. In the first there are several very marked improvements upon the London copy; and in the second, the painter has portrayed the attitude and expression of the fair original, with great faithfulness.

WE present the following from an esteemed contributor. It may prove of interest to the scientific reader :

TO DR. ANDERSON, PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.

MY DEAR SIR : In the progress of a work which I am preparing for the press, it falls in with my plan to discuss the subject of a vacuum and a plenum, with which the schools have been so long perplexed. Now, beside the argument derived from motion, which seems to me very strong, if not conclusive, there is one stated by Sir Isaac Newton, in his *Principia*, which would set the question entirely at rest, could it be relieved from some slight difficulties that present themselves, and cast a shade of doubt over the whole course of reasoning. Sir Isaac, in Book II., Section VI., and Proposition xxiv., of his *Principia*, says : 'By experiments made with the greatest accuracy, I have always found the quantity of matter in bodies to be proportioned to their weight.' These experiments, it appears, were made with pendulums, vibrating in fluids of different densities, and would be perfectly conclusive, were it not for the following considerations, which throw our minds into some embarrassment. If Newton had proved that the quantity of matter in bodies is proportioned to their weight, of course, there being so much more matter in a square foot of iron than of cork, there must be more vacant spaces in the cork than in the iron. But Newton's reasoning upon this subject is liable to this exception. May not the *materia subtilis* of Descartes, or his subtle matter, be so thin as to render any pendulums which could be used, insensible of its action ? That there is such a thin ether pervading the material world, is proved by many facts ; but particularly by an experiment made by Newton himself. That philosopher found that animals would die, and light be immediately extinguished, in an exhausted receiver ; yet, if a thermometer was placed in it, the mercury would rise and fall according to the changes of temperature in the circumambient air. Hence he justly concluded, that after the air was extracted from the receiver, there must remain in it a still more ærial fluid, which, as a medium, conveyed heat to the thermometer, and affected the mercury within the tube. May not this thin ether be supposed to pervade all the different fluids in which the pendulums of Newton moved, without any sensible effect upon them, when he was making his experiments in demonstration of a vacuum ? Or, in other words, is there any course of reasoning by which a vacuum may be proved, that is liable to no exception, drawn from the infinitesimal minuteness in the particles of matter ?

B.

THE CHINESE. — We have a peculiar kind of pleasure, whenever there chances an arrival from the celestial empire, in looking over the doings of the rulers of that country, as manifested in their numerous edicts and special orders. We 'barbarians' are greatly misled in the opinions we form of the Chinese character from the figures sitting in idealless abstraction on porcelain and tea-chests, or standing at full length as acting cologne-bottles. The Chinese are not the men we take them for, and they are not remiss of late in their endeavors to convince 'foreign traders' of the erroneous impressions extant concerning them. The public officers are remarkable for a certain unvarnished delivery of their sentiments. They indulge in no bastard sentimentalities, venture no dim postulates, and sport no inept sentences nor gingerly terms. One of the recent 'special orders' complains that the 'outside barbarians' have sent divers Christian missionaries into China, with engraved books, setting forth and enforcing the 'creed of their chief, named JESUS.' They are ordered to desist altogether ; and six months are given them to withdraw from the empire. If after that period they are found in the imperial kingdom, they are to be severely punished. 'Let the guilty tremble fearfully hereat !' Another despatch protests against the acts of sundry English

'barbarian-traders' who, in opposition to certain prohibitions of the celestial dynasty, have, 'in the midst of the vast expanse of the great ocean,' received ships at anchor, and clandestinely stored up opium — 'conduct which is most detestable.' 'This is on record — a prepared report' — and the owners of these receiving-vessels are ordered 'instantly to make them all spread their sails, and return at once to their countries.' If they do not 'immediately sail away,' they are to be forcibly expelled. 'A special order. Respect this.' Foreign traders, remonstrating against grievances connected with the tariff of duties on imported goods, are informed that the tariff has been approved by the great emperor, and 'is to be reverently and forever obeyed and followed.' How could the outside barbarians presume to hope they would be changed? 'The requests are flimsy and absurd, and not to be allowed.' Such is a brief sketch of the latest news from the imperial kingdom; and our readers must content themselves with these imperfect records, until we receive regular advices from our American correspondent at Canton, who will doubtless become a great favorite with the celestial rulers, and be privileged early to receive all important or interesting intelligence. These are the expectations. Rejoice considerably hereat!

LEGAL PLEASANTRIES. — They originate more than half the current wit of the day, in the Great West. There is a racy freshness, moreover, about the pleasantries of that region, that is quite delightful. From a late Missouri journal we have clipped the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentleman of that state. If it be as new to the reader as to us, we will guarantee his favorable suffrages: 'Being once opposed to Mr. S——, late member of congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a point of disagreement between them: 'Here my brother S—— and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) is a *squash*! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference — undoubtedly an honest difference — of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.'

'ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY: Illustrated by more than one hundred Engravings on Wood. Designed for the use of Schools and Academies By L. D. GALE, M. D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, in the University of the City of New-York, and Lecturer on Chemistry.' The study of Chemistry, one of the most important and practically useful of the sciences, is in this little volume rendered particularly attractive to young persons, by numerous illustrations and entertaining experiments. The fundamental principles of the science are stated in a perspicuous, comprehensive, and at the same time forcible style, admirably adapted to its purpose. The first edition, as we learn, was very soon exhausted: the present issue is materially improved, and is very neatly printed. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

LITERARY RECORD.

'WHAT CONSTITUTES AN ORATOR?' — Some attentive friend in Ohio has transmitted us a small pamphlet, entitled 'An Address delivered by Rev. L. L. HAMLINE, A. M., of the Ohio Conference, before the Jefferson and Union Literary Societies of Augusta College, August, 1836.' It is ably written, and in its views of the qualities necessary to form a successful orator, is sound and discriminating. We subjoin an extract, enforcing the importance of familiarity with the power of language :

"Language may be considered the tool of his trade. By this he works up the materials of thought, and prepares them for the public mind. He must therefore ascertain the structure, the force, and the most effectual use of this instrument. There are two ways to do it. One is by reading. There are many productions of the pen which display most forcibly the power of words, in their various combinations of taste and beauty. By a critical perusal of these writings, one may learn what the power of language is, and by what construction it acquires the utmost harmony and strength.

"And here, we conceive, is the value of Roman and Grecian literature. The ancient classics are said to contain an inimitable beauty and fire, which cannot be infused into their translations, nor exhibited in modern composition. If this be so, then let the orator (if possible) approach them, and inspire his genius with their utmost charms and ardors. But let him not overlook the beauties of our vernacular classics, in his enthusiastic devotion to those of buried tongues. Let him study our own orators and poets with at least half the zeal of his soul, and let him learn to admire them. Should he, in his juvenile admiration of Homer and Virgil, or Demosthenes and Cicero, learn to despise Milton and Burke ; should he come to believe that the beauties of song and the charms of eloquence are exotics of other climes, which cannot grow upon our poor soil, his classic lore will prove his misfortune. It will serve merely to expose mental weaknesses, which otherwise might have remained concealed. We should wander through fields of ancient literature, as Peter of Russia visited other kingdoms ; not blindly to admire every thing foreign, but to examine impartially, select what is excellent, and transfer it to enrich and embellish our own domains."

The Address is subdivided into appropriate heads, each of which is separately treated, in a plain and well-digested style, evincing, on the part of the writer, a due acquaintance with his theme.

PRINTING IN OIL COLORS. — We have before us a copy of a beautiful volume recently imported from London by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, entitled 'The Pictorial Album, or Cabinet of Paintings.' It contains eleven designs, executed in oil colors, by BAXTER, an English artist, who first introduced the art, a few years since. When it is considered that each color is put on separately, and that some of the plates must consequently pass through the press no less than twenty-two different times, the accuracy and brilliancy of the execution are truly astonishing. The landscapes in this volume, particularly the 'View of Lugano,' are charming pictures, and would not suffer in comparison with the finest oil paintings.

GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. — Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD deserve the thanks of every lover of German literature, for the very handsome edition which they have recently issued of Goëthe's five-act drama, entitled *Goetz Von Berlichingen, with the Iron Hand*. Sir WALTER SCOTT's translation, so much commended, was accounted very defective by the German critics. At a late period of his life, Goëthe employed himself in correcting and improving this drama ; and hence the present translation, which contains these emendations, comes before the English reader with added attractions.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE has received a valuable accession to its editorial strength, in Dr. R. M. BIRD, who will hereafter assist in conducting the work. Dr. BIRD has won a high reputation as an author, and is thoroughly imbued with that national spirit, which it has been the constant aim of this Magazine to inculcate and enhance, in our country. We cordially welcome him as a co-laborer — satisfied, that in the transfer of the efforts of a valued contributor to another medium, the noble cause of American literature will still find in him an able and zealous supporter.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. — This latest production of the younger D'ISRAELI we have not read; but we feel bound to bring in a verdict in its favor, from certain circumstantial testimony. Accidentally falling into the hands of a lady-acquaintance, our copy was suddenly abstracted; and from that time forward, the volumes have been on a female mission — delighting, as we learn, several of the gentler sex with its striking incidents and fine delineations of the master-passion. We hope to be enabled to do better justice to a second edition. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES. — We have received a large and excellently printed pamphlet, of some seventy pages, entitled 'Remarks and Documents relating to the Preservation and Keeping of the Public Archives.' The author is RICHARD BARTLETT, Esq., formerly Secretary of State in New-Hampshire, and Member of the New-Hampshire Historical Society. It is an important and useful work, evincing great research on the part of the writer, and a thorough knowledge of the matter in hand.

KNOWLES' WORKS. — MESSRS. GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY have published the first of two volumes, which are to contain the select works of JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, consisting of his most popular tales and dramatic works, with an original notice of his life and writings. The present volume contains 'Love and Authorship,' 'Old Adventures,' 'Therese,' 'The Magdalen,' 'The Lettre-de-Cachet,' 'The Portrait,' 'Virginus,' 'William Tell,' 'The Hunchback,' and 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua.'

TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY. — MESSRS P. PRICE AND COMPANY, Chatham-square, have published a neat little volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages, entitled 'An Argument for the Truth of Christianity,' in a Series of Discourses. By I. D. WILLIAMSON. It is polemical in its character, for which reason, in consonance with our plan, we forbear comment upon its merits, farther than to say that it is well written.

The 'YOUNG LADIES' FRIEND, by a Lady,' recently issued from the press of the American Stationers' Company, at Boston, should be in the hands of every American female, capable of reading and understanding the excellent domestic, moral, and religious lessons which it contains. The work, however, evinces a slight tendency to *ultraism*, which we are sorry to see. The tyranny of space prevents that enlarged notice which the volume deserves at our hands.

CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY. — The last three volumes of Harper's Classical Family Library, constituting the twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth of the series, contain POPE's translation of HOMER. Both author and translator being generally known as writers of very respectable parts, it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon their individual merits. The volumes are well executed.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE. — MR. J. DISTURNELL, Courtlandt-street, has published a useful little work, in the smallest compass, and at a small price, entitled, 'A Guide between New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; containing a Description of the Principal Places on the Route, and Tables of Distances.' The work is accompanied by a new and correct map.

RHYMES FOR CHILDREN. — 'Rhymes for my Children' is the title of a small volume from the press of S. COLMAN, Boston. It is written by a mother, and is well calculated, by the simplicity of its style, and the moral sentiments conveyed, to be entertainingly useful, in the hands of children. It is illustrated by pretty cuts.

'EDITORS' DRAWER.' — Correspondents are desired to exercise patience. Several articles, whose length and character point to this department, are accepted, and others are under advisement.